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HUDIBRAS.

THE FIRST PART.

Written in the time of the late Wars.

LONDON,
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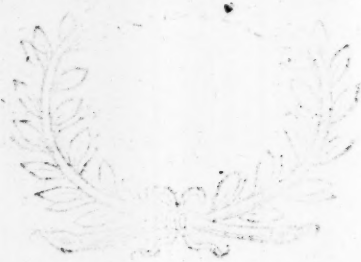

HUDIBRAS.

THE ARGUMENT OF The FIRST CANTO.

Sir Hudibras *his paſsing worth,*
The manner how he ſally'd forth:
His Arms and Equipage are ſhown;
His Horſe's Vertues, and his own.
Th' Adventure of the Bear *and* Fiddle
Is ſung, but breaks off in the middle.

CANTO I.

WHen *civil Dudgeon* firſt grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why;
When hard words, *Jealouſies* and *Fears*,
Set Folks together by the ears,

And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame *Religion* as for Punk,
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a man of them knew where-
(fore:
When *Gospel-trumpeter*, surrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to Battel sounded,
And Pulpit, Drum Ecclesiastick,
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick:
Then did Sir *Knight* abandon dwelling,
And out he rode Colonelling.

A wight he was, whose very sight wou'd
Entitle him *Mirrour of Knighthood*;

That

That never bow'd his ſtubborn knee
To any thing but Chivalry,
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right Worſhipfull on ſhoulder-blade:
Chief of Domeſtick Knights and Errant,
Either for Chaſtel or for Warrant:
Great on the Bench, Great in the Saddle,
That could as well bind o're, as ſwaddle:
Mighty he was at both of theſe,
And ſtyl'd of *War* as well as *Peace*.
(So ſome Rats of amphibious nature,
Are either for the Land or Water.)
But here our Authors make a doubt,
Whether he were more wiſe, or ſtout.

Some hold the one, and ſome the other:
But howſoe're they make a pother,
The difference was ſo ſmall, his Brain
Outweigh'd his Rage but half a grain:
Which made ſome take him for a tool
That Knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.
For't has been held by many, that
As *Mountaigne*, playing with his Cat,
Complaines ſhe thought him but an Aſs,
Much more ſhe would Sir *Hudibras*.
But they'r miſtaken very much,
'Tis plain enough he was no ſuch.
We grant, although he had much wit,
H' was very ſhie of uſing it,

As

As being loath to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about,
Unleſs on Holy-dayes, or ſo,
As men their beſt Apparel do.
Beſide 'tis known he could ſpeak *Greek*,
As naturally as Pigs ſqueek:
That *Latin* was no more difficile,
Then to a Blackbird 'tis to whiſtle.
Being rich in both he never ſcanted
His Bounty unto ſuch as wanted;
But much of either would afford
To many that had not one word.
For *Hebrew* Roots, although th'are found
To flouriſh moſt in barren ground,

He had ſuch plenty, as ſuffic'd
To make ſome think him circumcis'd:
And truly ſo he was perhaps,
Not as a *Proſelyte*, but for *Claps*.

He was in *Logick* a great Critick,
Profoundly skill'd in Analytick.
He could diſtinguiſh, and divide
A hair 'twixt South and South-weſt ſide:
On either which he would diſpute,
Confute, change hands, and ſtill confute.
He'd undertake to prove by force
Of Argument, a Man's no Horſe.

He'd

He'd prove a Buzzard is no Fowl,
And that a *Lord* may be an Owl;
A Calf an *Alderman*, a Goose a *Juſtice*,
And Rooks *Committee-men* and *Truſtees*.
He'd run in Debt by Diſputation,
And pay with Ratiocination.
All this by Syllogiſm, true
In mood and figure, he would doe.

For *Rhetorick*, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a Trope:
And when he hapned to break off
I'th' middle of his ſpeech, or cough,

H' had hard words ready, to ſhew why,
And tell what Rules he did it by.
Elſe when with greateſt Art he ſpoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folke.
But when he pleas'd to ſhew't, his ſpeech
In loftineſs of ſound was rich,
A *Babyloniſh* dialect,
Which learned Pedants much affect.
It was a particolour'd dreſs
Of patch'd and pyball'd Languages:
'Twas *Engliſh* cut on *Greek* and *Latin*,
Like Fuſtian heretofore on Sattin.
It had an odde promiſcuous Tone,
As if h' had talk'd three parts in one.

Which

Which made ſome think, when he did (gabble,
Th' had heard three Labourers of *Babel*;
Or *Cerberus* himſelf pronounce
A Leaſh of Languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent,
As if his ſtock would ne're be ſpent.
And truly to ſupport that charge
He had ſupplies as vaſt and large.
For he could coyn or counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit:
Words ſo debas'd and hard, no ſtone
Was hard enough to touch them on.

And

And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The Ignorant for currant took 'em.

In *Mathematicks* he was greater
Then *Tycho Brahe* or *Erra Pater*:
For he by *Geometrick* scale
Could take the size of *Pots of Ale*;
Resolve by Sines and Tangents straight,
If *Bread* or *Butter* wanted weight;
And wisely tell what hour o'th' day
The Clock does strike, by *Algebra*.

Beside he was a shrewd *Philosopher*,
And had read every Text and gloss over:

What

What ever *Sceptick* could inquere for;
For every *why* he had a *wherefore*:
Knew more then forty of them do,
As far as words and termes could goe.
All which he underſtood by Rote,
And as occaſion ſerv'd, would quote;
No matter whether right or wrong:
They might be either ſaid or ſung.
His Notions fitted things ſo well,
That which was which he could not tell;
But oftentimes miſtook the one
For th'other, as Great Clerks have done.
He'd tell where Entity and Quiddity,
The Ghoſts of defunct Bodies, flie;

Where

Where Truth in Person does appear,
Like words congeal'd in Northern Air.
He knew *what's what*, and that's as high
As *Metaphysick* wit can flie.
In *School-Divinity* as able
As he that hight *Irrefragable*;
A second *Thomas*, or, at once
To name them all, another *Dunce*.
For he a Rope of sand could twist,
As tough as learned *Sorboniſt*;
And weave fine Cobwebs, fit for skull
That's empty when the Moon is full;
Such as take lodgings in a Head
That's to be let unfurnished.

He

He could raiſe Scruples dark and nice,
And after ſolve 'em in a trice:
As if Divinity had catch'd
The Itch, of purpoſe to be ſcratch'd;
Or, like a Mountebank, did wound
And ſtab her ſelf with doubts profound,
Onely to ſhew with how ſmall pain
The ſores of faith are cur'd again;
Although by woful proof we find,
They alwayes leave a Scar behind.
He knew the ſeat of Paradiſe,
Could tell in what degree it lies:
What *Adam* dreamt of when his Bride
Came from her Cloſet in his ſide:

Whether the Devil tempted her
By a *high Dutch* Interpreter:
If either of them had a Navel;
Who first made Musick malleable:
Whether the Serpent at the Fall
Had cloven Feet, or none at all.
All this, without a Gloss or Comment,
He would unriddle in a moment
In proper terms, such as men smatter
When they throw out & miss the matter.

For his *Religion* it was fit
To match his Learning and his Wit:

'Twas

'Twas *Presbyterian* true blew,
For he was of that ſtubborn Crew
Of Errant Saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church *Militant*:
Such as do build their Faith upon
The holy Text of *Pike* and *Gun*;
Decide all Controverſies by
Infallible *Artillery*;
And prove their Doctrine Orthodox
By Apoſtolick *Blows* and *Knocks*;
Call Fire and Sword and Deſolation,
A *godly-thorough-Reformation*,
Which alwayes muſt be carry'd on,
And ſtill be doing, never done:

As if Religion were intended
For nothing elſe but to be mended.
A Sect, whoſe chief Devotion lies
In odde perverſe Antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding ſomewhat ſtill amiſs:
More peeviſh, croſs, and ſpleenatick,
Then Dog diſtract, or Monky ſick:
That with more care keep holy-day
The wrong, then others the right way:
Still ſo perverſe and oppoſite,
As if they worſhipp'd God for ſpight.
The ſelf-ſame thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for.

Free

Free-will they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow.
All Piety consists therein
In them, in other men all Sin.
Rather then faile, they will defie
That which they love most tenderly,
Quarrel with *minc'd Pies*, and disparage
Their best & dearest friend, *Plum-porredge*;
Fat *Pig* and *Goose* it self oppose,
And blaspheme *Custard* through the *nose*.
Th' Apostles of this fierce Religion,
Like *Mahomet's*, were Ass and Widgeon,
To whom our Knight by fast instinct
Of wit and temper was so linkt,

As if Hypocriſie and non-ſenſe
Had got th' Advouſon of his Conſcience.

Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
We mean on th' inſide, not the outward:
That next of all we ſhall diſcuſs;
Then liſten Sirs, It followeth thus.

His tawny *Beard* was th' equall grace
Both of his wiſdome and his face;
In Cut and Dy ſo like a tile,
A ſudden view it would beguile:
The upper part thereof was Whey,
The nether Orange mixt with Gray.

This

This hairy Meteor did denounce
The fall of Scepters and of Crowns;
With grizly type did repreſent
Declining Age of Government;
And tell with Hieroglyphick Spade,
Its own grave and the State's were made.
Like *Sampſon's* Heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a nation rue;
Though it contributed its own fall,
To wait upon the publick downfall.
It was monaſtick, and did grow
In holy Orders, by ſtrict vow;
Of Rule as ſullen and ſevere,
As that of rigid *Cordeliere*.

'Twas bound to ſuffer Perſecution
And Martyrdome with reſolution;
T' oppoſe it ſelf againſt the hate
And vengeance of th' incenſed State:
In whoſe defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
With red-hot Irons to be tortur'd,
Revil'd, and ſpit upon, and martyr'd.
Maugre all which, 'twas to ſtand faſt,
As long as Monarchy ſhould laſt.
But when the State ſhould hap to reel,
'Twas to ſubmit to fatal ſteel,
And

And fall, as it was conſecrate
A Sacrifice to fall of State;
Whoſe thred of life the fatal Siſters
Did twiſt together with its whiskers,
And twine ſo cloſe, that time ſhould ne-
(ver,
In life or death, their fortunes ſever;
But with his ruſty Sickle mow
Both down together at a blow.

So learned *Taliacotius* from
The brawny part of Porter's Bum,

Cut

Cut ſupplementall Noſes, which
Would laſt as long as Parent breech:
But when the Date of *Nock* was out,
Off dropt the Sympathetick Snout.

His *Back*, or rather Burthen, ſhow'd
As if it ſtoop'd with its own load.
For as *Æneas* bore his Sire
Upon his ſhoulders through the fire:
Our Knight did bear no leſs a Pack
Of his own Buttocks on his back:
Which now had almoſt got the upper-
Hand of his Head, for want of Crupper.

To poize this equally, he bore
A *Paunch* of the ſame bulk before:
Which ſtill he had a ſpeciall care
To keep well cramm'd with thrifty fare;
As White-pot, Butter-milk, and Curds,
Such as a Countrey houſe affords;
With other Victual, which anon
We further ſhall dilate upon,
When of his Hoſe we come to treat,
The Cup-bord where he kept his meat.

His *Doublet* was of ſturdy Buff,
And though not Sword-yet Cudgel-proof;

Where-

Whereby 'twas fitter for his uſe,
That fear'd no blows but ſuch as bruiſe.

His *Breeches* were of rugged woollen,
And had been at the ſiege of *Bullen*;
To old King *Harry* ſo well known,
Some writers held they were his own.
Through they were lin'd with many a (piece
Of Ammunition-Bread and Cheeſe,
And fat Black-puddings, proper food
For Warriers that delight in bloud.
For, as we ſaid, He alwayes choſe
To carry Vittle in his hoſe.

And

And though Knights Errant, as ſome (think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Becauſe when thorough Deſerts vaſt
And Regions deſolate they paſt,
Where Belly-timber above ground
Or under was not to be found,
Unleſs they graz'd, there's not one word
Of their Proviſion on Record:
Which made ſome confidently write,
They had no ſtomachs, but to fight.
'Tis falſe: For *Arthur* wore in Hall
Round-Table like a Farthingal,

On

On which, with ſhirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before, his good Knights din'd.
Though 'twas no Table, ſome ſuppoſe,
But a huge pair of round Trunk-hoſe;
In which he carry'd as much meat
As he and all his Knights could eat,
When laying by their ſwords and trun-
(cheons,
They took their Breakfaſts or their Nun-
(cheons.
But let that paſs at preſent, leſt
We ſhould forget wher ewe digreſt;
As learned Authors uſe, to whom
We leave it, and to th' purpoſe come.

His

His puiſſant *Sword* unto his ſide
Near his undaunted heart was ty'd,
With Basket-hilt, that would hold broth,
And ſerve for fight and dinner both.
In it he melted lead for Bullets,
To ſhoot at Foes, and ſometimes Pullets,
To whom he bore ſo fell a Grutch,
He ne're gave quarter t'any ſuch.
The trenchant blade, *Toledo* truſty,
For want of fighting was grown ruſty,
And ate into it ſelf, for lack
Of ſomebody to hew and hack.
The peacefull *Scabbard* where it dwelt,
The Rancour of its Edge had felt:

For of the lower end two handfull
It had devoured, 'twas ſo manfull;
And ſo much ſcorn'd to lurk in caſe,
As if it durſt not ſhew its face.
In many deſperate Attempts,
Of Warrants, Exigents, Contempts,
It had appear'd with Courage bolder
Then Sergeant *Bum*, invading ſhoulder.
Oft had it ta'ne poſſeſsion,
And Pris'ners too, or made them run.

This Sword a *Dagger* had his Page,
That was but little for his age:

And

And therefore waited on him ſo,
As Dwarfs upon Knights Errant do.
It was a ſerviceable Dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging.
When it had ſtabb'd, or broke a head,
It would ſcrape Trenchers, or chip Bread,
Toaſt Cheeſe or Bacon, though it were
To bait a Mouſe-trap, 'twould not care.
'Twould make clean ſhooes, and in the (earth
Set Leeks and Onions, and ſo forth.
It had been Prentice to a Brewer,
Where this and more it did endure.

But left the Trade, as many more
Have lately done on the ſame ſcore.

In th' Holſters, at his ſaddle-bow,
Two aged *Piſtolls* he did ſtow,
Among the ſurplus of ſuch meat
As in his hoſe he could not get.
Theſe would inveigle Rats with th' ſent,
To forrage when the Cocks were bent,
And ſometime catch 'em with a ſnap
As cleverly as th' ableſt trap.
They were upon hard Duty ſtill,
And every night ſtood ſentinel,

To

To guard the magazine i'th' hoſe
From two-legg'd & from four-legg'd foes.

Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight
From peaceful home ſet forth to fight.
But firſt with nimble active force
He got on th' outſide of his *Horſe*.
For having but one ſtirrup ty'd
T' his ſaddle, on the further ſide,
It was ſo ſhort, h' had much ado
To reach it with his deſperate toe.
But after many ſtrains and heaves,
He got up to the ſaddle eaves.

From whence he vaulted into th' ſeat
With ſo much vigour, ſtrength, and heat,
That he had almoſt tumbled over
With his own weight, but did recover,
By laying hold on tail and mane,
Which oft he us'd inſtead of Reyn.

But now we talk of mounting Steed,
Before we further do proceed,
It doth behove us to ſay ſomething,
Of that which bore our valiant *Bumkin.*
The Beaſt was ſturdy, large and tall,
With mouth of meal and eyes of wall:

I would ſay eye, for h' had but one,
As moſt agree, though ſome ſay none.
He was well ſtay'd, and in his Gate
Preſerv'd a grave, majeſtick ſtate.
At Spur or Switch no more he skipt,
Or mended pace, then *Spaniard* whipt:
And yet ſo fiery, he would bound,
As if he griev'd to touch the Ground:
That *Cæſar*'s Horſe, who, as fame goes,
Had Corns upon his feet and toes,
Was not by half ſo tender-hooft,
Nor trod upon the ground ſo ſoft.
And as that Beaſt would kneel and ſtoop,
(Some write) to take his rider up:

So *Hudibras* his ('tis well known)
Would often doe, to ſet him down.
We ſhall not need to ſay what lack
Of Leather was upon his back:
For that was hidden under pad,
And breech of Knight gall'd full as bad.
His ſtrutting Ribs on both ſides ſhow'd
Like furrows he himſelf had plow'd:
For underneath the skirt of Pannel,
'Twixt every two there was a Channel.
His dragling Tail hung in the Dirt,
Which on his Rider he would flurt
Still as his tender ſide he prickt,
With arm'd heel or with unarm'd kickt:

For

For *Hudibras* wore but one Spur,
As wisely knowing, could he stir
To active trot one side of 's Horse,
The other would not hang an-Arse.

A *Squire* he had whose name was *Ralph*,
That in th' adventure went his half.
(Though writers, for more stately tone,
Do call him *Ralpho*; 'tis all one:
And when we can with Meeter safe,
We'l call him so, if not plain *Raph*.
For Rhyme the Rudder is of Verses,
With which like Ships they steer their
(courses.)

An equal ſtock of Wit and Valour
He had laid in, by birth a Taylor.
The mighty *Tyrian* Queen that gain'd
With ſubtle ſhreds a Tract of Land,
Did leave it with a Caſtle fair
To his great Anceſtor, her Heir:
From him deſcended croſs-legg'd Knights,
Fam'd for their faith and warlike fights
Againſt the bloudy Caniball,
Whom they deſtroy'd both great & ſmall.
This ſturdy Squier had as well
As the bold *Trojan* Knight, ſeen hell,
Not with a counterfeited Paſs
Of Golden Bough, but true gold-lace.

His

His *Knowledge* was not far behind
The Knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by't:
Some call it *Gifts*, and some *New light*;
A Liberal Art, that costs no pains
Of Study, Industry, or Brains.
His wits were sent him for a Token,
But in the Carriage crackt and broken.
Like Commendation Nine-pence, crookt
With to and from my Love, it lookt.
He ne're consider'd it, as loath
To look a gift-horse in the mouth;
And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it then 'twas worth.

But

But as he got it freely, ſo
He ſpent it frank and freely too.
For Saints themſelves will ſometimes be
Of Gifts that coſt them nothing free.
By means of this, with *hem* and *cough*,
Prolongers to enlightned Snuff,
He could deep Myſteries unriddle,
As eaſily as thread a Needle
For as of Vagabonds we ſay,
That they are ne're beſide their way:
Whate're men ſpeak by this *new Light*,
Still they are ſure to be i'th' right.
'Tis a *dark-Lanthorn* of the Spirit,
Which none ſee by but thoſe that bear it:

A Light that falls down from on high,
For Spiritual Trades to couſen by:
An *Ignis Fatuus*, that bewitches,
And leads men into Pools and Ditches,
To make them *dip* themſelves, and ſound
For Chriſtendome in Dirty pond;
To dive like Wild-foul for Salvation,
And fiſh to catch Regeneration.
This Light inſpires, and playes upon
The nóſe of Saint, like Bag-pipe-drone,
And ſpeaks through hollow empty ſoul,
As through a Trunk, or whiſp'ring hole,
Such language as no mortall ear
But ſpiritual Eaves-droppers can hear.

So

So *Phœbus* or ſome friendly Muſe
Into ſmall Poets ſong infuſe;
Which they at ſecond-hand reherſe
Through reed or bag-pipe, verſe for verſe.

Thus *Ralph* became infallible,
As three or four-legg'd Oracle,
The ancient Cup, or modern Chair;
Spoke truth point-blank, though un-
(aware:
For myſtick Learning, wondrous able
In Magick, *Taliſman*, and *Cabal*,
Whoſe primitive tradition reaches
As far as *Adam*'s firſt green breeches:

Deep-ſighted in Intelligences,
Idea's, Atomes, Influences;
And much of *Terra Incognita*,
Th' Intelligible world could ſay:
A deep occult Philoſopher,
As learn'd as the *Wild Iriſh* are,
Or Sir *Agrippa*, for profound
And ſolid Lying much renown'd:
He *Anthropoſophus*, and *Floud*,
And *Jacob Behmen* underſtood;
Knew many an Amulet and Charm,
That would do neither good nor harm:
In *Roſy-Crucian* Lore as learned,
As he that *Verè adeptus* earned.

He

He understood the speech of Birds
As well as they themselves do words:
Could tell what subtlest *Parrots* mean,
That speak and think contrary clean;
What *Member* 'tis of whom they talk
When they cry *Rope*, and *Walk, Knave, walk.*
He'd extract numbers out of matter,
And keep them in a Glass, like water,
Of sov'raign pow'r to make men wise;
For dropt in blere, thick-sighted eyes,
They'd make them see in darkest night,
Like Owls, though pur-blind in the light.
By help of these (as he profest)
He had *First Matter* seen undrest:

He

He took her naked all alone,
Before one Rag of *Form* was on.
The *Chaos* too he had descry'd,
And seen quite through, or else he ly'd:
Not that of Past-board which men shew
For Groats at *Fair of Bartholmew*;
But its great Grandsire, first o'th' name,
Whence that and *Reformation* came:
Both Cousin-germans, and right able
T' inveigle and draw in the Rabble.
But *Reformation* was, some say,
O'th' younger house to *Puppet-play*.
He could foretell whats'ever was
By consequence to come to pass.

As

As Death of Great men, Alterations,
Diſeaſes, Battels, Inundations.
All this without th' eclipſe of Sun,
Or dreadful Comet, he hath done,
By inward light, a way as good,
And eaſy to be underſtood.
But with more lucky hit then thoſe
That uſe to make the Stars depoſe,
Like Knights o'th' Poſt, and falſely charge
Upon themſelves what others forge:
As if they were conſenting to
All Miſchief in the World men do:
Or like the Dev'l, did tempt and ſway 'em
To Rogueries, and then betray 'em.

They'l

They'l ſearch a Planet's houſe, to know
Who broke and robb'd a houſe below:
Examine *Venus*, and the *Moon*,
Who ſtole a thimble or a ſpoon:
And though they nothing will confeſs,
Yet by their very looks can gueſs,
And tell what guilty Aſpect bodes,
Who ſtole, and who receiv'd the goods.
They'l queſtion *Mars*, and by his look
Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a Cloke:
Make *Mercury* confeſs and peach
Thoſe thieves which he himſelf did teach.
They'l find i'th' Phyſiognomies
O'th' Planets all mens deſtinies:

Like him that took the Doctor's Bill,
And ſwallow'd it inſtead o'th' Pill.
Caſt the Nativity o'th' Queſtion,
And from Poſitions to be gueſt on,
As ſure as if they knew the Moment
Of Natives birth, tell what will come on't.
They'l feel the Pulſes of the Stars,
To find out Agues, Coughs, Catarrhs;
And tell what *Criſis* does divine
The Rot in Sheep, or Mange in Swine:
In men what gives or cures the Itch,
What makes them Cuckolds, poor or rich:
What gains or loſes, hangs or ſaves;
What makes men great, what fooles or
knaves; But

But not what wiſe, for onely of thoſe
The Stars (they ſay) cannot diſpoſe,
No more then can the Aſtrologians.
There they ſay right, and like true *Trojans*.
This *Ralpho* knew, and therefore took
The other Courſe, of which we ſpoke.

Thus was th' accompliſh'd Squire endu'd
With Gifts and Knowledge, per'lous (ſhrewd.
Never did truſty Squier with Knight,
Or Knight with Squire jump more right.
Their Arms and Equipage did fit,
As well as Vertues, parts, and wit.

Their Valours too were of a Rate,
And out they ſally'd at the Gate.
Few miles on horſeback had they jogged,
But fortune unto them turn'd Dogged.
For they a ſad Adventure met,
Of which anon we mean to treat:
But ere we venture to unfold
Atchievements ſo reſolv'd and bold,
We ſhould, as learned Poets uſe,
Invoke th' aſsiſtance of ſome *Muſe*;
However Criticks count it ſillier
Then Juglers talking to Familiar.
We think 'tis no great matter which:
They'r all alike: yet we ſhall pitch

On

On one that fits our purpose most,
Whom therefore thus we do accost.

Thou that with Ale, or viler Liquors,
Didst inspire *Withers*, *Pryn*, and *Vickars*,
And force them, though it were in spight
Of nature and their stars, to write;
Who, as we find in sullen Writs,
And cross-grain'd Works of modern wits,
With Vanity, Opinion, Want,
The wonder of the Ignorant,
The praises of the Author, penn'd
By himself, or wit-ensuring friend,

The Itch of Picture in the Front,
With Bays, and wicked Rhyme upon't,
All that is left o'th' forked Hill
To make men ſcribble without skill,
Canſt make a Poet, ſpight of fate,
And teach all people to tranſlate;
Though out of Languages in which
They underſtand no part of ſpeech:
Aſsiſt me but this once, I'mplore,
And I ſhall trouble thee no more.

In Weſtern Clime there is a Town
To thoſe that dwell therein well known;
There-

Therefore there needs no more be ſed (here,
We unto them refer our Reader:
For brevity is very good,
When w'are, or are not underſtood.
To this Town People did repair
On dayes of Market or of Fair,
And to crack'd Fiddle and hoarſe Tabor
In merriment did drudge and labour:
But now a ſport more formidable
Had rak'd together Village rabble.
'Twas an old way of Recreating,
Which learned Butchers call *Bear-baiting*:

A bold advent'rous exerciſe,
With ancient *Hero's* in high prize;
For Authors do affirm it came
From *Iſthmian* or *Nemean* game.
Others derive it from the *Bear*
That's fixt in Northern Hemiſphere,
And round about the Pole does make
A circle, like a Bear at ſtake,
That at the Chain's end wheels about,
And overturns the Rabble-rout.
For after ſolemn proclamation
In the Bear's name (as is the faſhion,
According to the Law of Arms,
To keep men from inglorious harms)

That

That none presume to come so near
As forty foot of stake of Bear;
If any yet be so fool-hardy,
T' expose themselves to vain Jeopardy;
If they come wounded off and lame,
No honour's got by such a maim.
Although the Bear gain much, b'ing bound
In honour to make good his ground,
When he's engag'd, and take no notice,
If any press upon him, who 'tis,
But let them know at their own cost
That he intends to keep his post.

This

This to prevent, and other harms,
Which alwayes wait on feats of Arms,
(For in the hurry of a Fray
'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way)
Thither the *Knight* his course did stear,
To keep the peace 'twixt *Dog* and *Bear*;
As he believ'd h' was bound to doe
In Conscience and Commission too.
And therefore thus bespoke the Squire;

We that are wisely mounted higher
Then Constables, in Curule wit,
When on Tribunal bench we sit,

Like

Like Speculators, ſhould foreſee,
From *Phares* of Authority,
Portended Miſchiefs farther then
Low Proletarian Tithing-men.
And therefore being inform'd by bruit,
That *Dog* and *Bear* are to diſpute;
For ſo of late men fighting name,
Becauſe they often prove the ſame;
(For where the firſt does hap to be,
The laſt does *coincidere*)
Quantum in nobis, have thought good,
To ſave th' expence of Chriſtian bloud,
And try if we by mediation
Of Treaty and accommodation

Can

Can end the Quarrel, and compoſe
The bloudy Duell without blows.
Are not our Liberties, our Lives,
The Lawes, Religion, and our Wives
Enough at once to lye at ſtake,
For *Cov'nant* and the *Cauſe's* ſake;
But in that quarrel *Dogs* and *Bears*,
As well as we, muſt venture theirs?
This Feud by *Jeſuits* invented,
By *evil Counſel* is fomented.
There is a *Machiavilian* Plot,
(Though ev'ry *Nero* effect it not)
A deep deſign in't, to divide
The well-affected that confide,

By

By ſetting Brother againſt Brother,
To claw and curry one another.
Have we not enemies *plus ſatis*,
That *Cane & angue pejus* hate us?
And ſhall we turn our fangs and claws
Upon our own ſelves, without cauſe?
That ſome occult deſign doth ly
In bloudy *Cynarctomachy*,
Is plain enough to him that knows
How Saints lead brothers by the noſe.
I wiſh my ſelf a Pſeudo-prophet,
But ſure ſome miſchief will come of it:
Unleſs by providential wit
Or force we averruncate it.

For what design, what interest
Can Beast have to encounter Beast?
They fight for no espoused *Cause*,
Frail *Priviledge*, *Fundamentall Laws*;
Nor for a *thorough Reformation*,
Nor *Covenant*, nor *Protestation*;
Nor for free *Liberty of Conscience*,
Nor Lords and Commons *Ordinances*;
Nor for the *Church*, nor for *Church-land*,
To get them in their own no hand;
Nor *evil Counsellours* to bring
To Justice that seduce the King;
Nor for the worship of us men,
Though we have done as much for them.

Th'

Th' *Ægyptians* worſhipp'd *Dogs*, and for
Their faith made internecine war.
Others ador'd a *Rat*, and ſome
For that Church ſuffer'd martyrdome.
The *Indians* fought for the truth
Of th' *Elephant*, and *Monkey*'s tooth:
And many, to defend that faith,
Fought it out *mordicus* to death.
But no Beaſt ever was ſo ſlight,
For man, as for his God, to fight.
They have more wit, alas! and know
Themſelves and us better then ſo.
But we, we onely do infuſe
The Rage in them like *Boute-feus*.

'Tis

'Tis our example that inſtills
In them th' infection of our ills.
For, as ſome late Philoſophers
Have well obſerv'd, Beaſts that converſe
With Man, take after him, as Hogs
Get Pigs all th' year, and Bitches Dogs.
Juſt ſo by our example Cattel
Learn to give one another Battel.
We read in *Nero*'s time, the Heathen,
When they deſtroy'd the *Chriſtian brethren*,
They ſow'd them in the skins of Bears,
And then ſet Dogs about their ears:
Fromwhence, no doubt, th'invention came
Of this lewd, Antichriſtian Game.

To

To this, quoth *Ralpho*, Verily,
The Point ſeems very plain to me.
It is an Antichriſtian Game,
Unlawful both in thing and name.
Firſt for the *name*, The word *Bear-baiting*
Is carnal, and of man's creating:
For certainly there's no ſuch word
In all the *Scripture* on record.
Therefore unlawful and a ſin.
And ſo is (ſecondly) the *thing*.
A vile *Aſſembly* 'tis, that can
No more be prov'd by Scripture than
Provincial, *Claſsick*, *National*;
Mere humane Creature-cobwebs all.

Thirdly, it is Idolatrous.
For when men run a-whoring thus
With their Inventions, whatſoe're
The thing be, whether *Dog* or *Bear*,
It is Idolatrous and Pagan,
No leſs then worſhipping of *Dagon*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I ſmell a *Rat*;
Ralpho, thou doſt prevaricate.
For though the *Theſis* which thou lay'ſt
Be true *ad amuſsim* as thou ſay'ſt:
(For that *Bear-baiting* ſhould appear
Jure Divino lawfuller

Then *Synods* are, thou doſt deny,
Totidem verbis ſo do I)
Yet there's a fallacy in this:
For if by ſly *Homœoſis*,
(*Tuſsis pro crepitu*, an Art
Under a Cough to ſlur a Fart)
Thou wouldſt Sophiſtically imply
Both are unlawfull, I deny.

And I (quoth *Ralpho*) do not doubt
But *Bear-baiting* may be made out
In Goſpel-times, as lawfull as is
Provincial or *Parochial Claſsis*:

And that both are ſo near of kin,
And like in all, as well as ſin,
That put them in a bag and ſhake 'em,
Your ſelf o'th' ſudden would miſtake 'em,
And not know which is which, unleſſe
You meaſure by their Wickedneſs:
For 'tis not hard t'imagine whether
O'th' two is worſt, though I name neither.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Thou offer'ſt much,
But art not able to keep touch.
Mira de lente, as 'tis i'th' Adage,
Id eſt, to make a Leek a Cabbage.

Thou

Thou wilt at beſt but *ſuck a Bull*,
Or *ſhear Swine, All Cry, and no Wooll.*
For what can *Synods* have at all
With *Bears* that's analogicall?
Or what relation has debating
Of Church-Affaiers with *Bear-baiting*?
A juſt compariſon ſtill is,
Of things *ejuſdem generis.*
And then what *Genus* rightly doth
Compr'hend them *incluſivè* both?
If *Animal*, both of us may
As likely paſs for Beares as they.
For we are Animals no leſs,
Although of different *Specieſes.*

But, *Ralpho*, this is no fit place
Nor time to argue out the Caſe:
For now the Field is not far off,
Where we muſt give the world a proof
Of Deeds, not Words, and ſuch as ſuit
Another manner of Diſpute.
A Controverſie that affords
Actions for Arguments, not Words:
Which we muſt manage at a rate
Of Proweſs and Conduct adæquate
To what our place & fame doth promiſe,
And all the *Godly* expect from us.
Nor ſhall they be deceiv'd, unleſs
W'are ſlurr'd and outed by ſucceſs:

Suc-

Succeſs, the mark no mortal wit,
Or ſureſt hand, can alwayes hit:
For whatſoe're we perpetrate,
We do but row, w' are ſtear'd by Fate,
Which in ſucceſs oft diſinherits,
For ſpurious cauſes, nobleſt merits.
Great Actions are not always true ſons
Of great and mighty Reſolutions:
Nor do the bold'ſt attempts bring forth
Events ſtill equal to their worth;
But ſometimes fail, and in their ſtead
Fortune and Cowardiſe ſucceed.
Yet we have no great cauſe to doubt,
Our actions ſtill have born us out.

Wch though th' are known to be so ample,
We need not copy from example,
We 're not the onely person durst,
Attempt this Province, nor the first.
In Northern Clime a valorous Knight
Did whilom kill his Bear in fight,
And wound a Fidler: we have both
Of these the objects of our wroth,
And equal fame and glory from
Th' Attempt or Victory to come.
'Tis sung, There is a valiant *Mamaluke*
In forrain Land, yclep'd------
To whom we have been oft compar'd,
For Person, Parts, Address, and Beard;

Both

Both equally reputed ſtout,
And in the ſame Cauſe both have fought.
He oft in ſuch Attempts as theſe
Came off with glory and ſucceſs.
Nor will we fail in th' execution,
For want of equal Reſolution.
Honour is, like a Widow, won
With brisk Attempt and putting on;
With entring manfully, and urging;
Not ſlow approaches, like a Virgin.

This ſaid, as yerſt the *Phrygian* Knight,
So ours with ruſty ſteel did ſmite

His

His *Trojan* horſe, and juſt as much
He mended pace upon the touch;
But from his empty ſtomach gron'd
Juſt as that hollow beaſt did ſound,
And angry anſwer'd from behind,
With brandiſh'd Tail and blaſt of wind.
So have I ſeen with armed heel,
A Wight beſtride a *Common-weal*;
While ſtill the more he kick'd and ſpurr'd,
The leſs the ſullen Jade has ſtirr'd.

THE

THE ARGUMENT OF The SECOND CANTO.

The Catalogue and Character
Of th' Enemy's best men of War;
To whom the Knight *does make a ſpeech,*
And they defie him: after which
He fights with Talgol, *routs the* Bear,
And takes the Fidler *Priſoner;*
Conveys him to enchanted Caſtle,
There ſhuts him faſt in Wooden Baſtile.

CANTO II.

THere was an ancient ſage *Phi-*
(loſopher,
That had read *Alexander Roſs*
(over,
And ſwore the world, as he could prove,
Was made of *Fighting* and of *Love*:
Juſt

Juſt ſo *Romances* are, for what elſe
Is in them all, but *Love* and *Battels*?
O'th' firſt of theſe w'have no great matter
To treat of, but a world o'th' later:
In which to doe the Injur'd Right
We mean, in what concerns juſt fight.
Certes our Authors are to blame,
For to make ſome well-ſounding name
A Pattern fit for modern Knights,
To copy out in Frays and Fights,
(Like thoſe that a whole ſtreet do raze,
To build a Palace in the place.)
They never care how many others
They kill, without regard of mothers,

Or

Or wives, or children, ſo they can
Make up ſome fierce, dead-doing man,
Compos'd of many ingredient Valours,
Juſt like the Manhood of nine Taylors.
So a wild *Tartar* when he ſpies
A man that's handſome, valiant, wiſe,
If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit
His Wit, his Beauty, and his Spirit:
As if juſt ſo much he enjoy'd
As in another is deſtroy'd.
For when a Giant's ſlain in fight,
And mow'd orethwart, or cleft downright,
It is a heavy caſe, no doubt,
A man ſhould have his Brains beat out,

Be-

Becauſe he's tall, and has large Bones;
As men kill Beavers for their ſtones.
But as for our part, we ſhall tell
The naked Truth of what befell;
And as an equal friend to both
The Knight and Bear, but more to Troth,
With neither faction ſhall take part,
But give to each his due deſert:
And never coyn a formal lye on't,
To make the *Knight* o'recome the *Giant*.
This b'ing profeſt, we hope's enough,
And now go on where we left off.

They

They rode, but Authors having not
Determin'd whether Pace or Trot,
(That is to ſay, whether *Tollutation*,
As they do tearm't, or *Succuſſation*)
We leave it, and go on, as now
Suppoſe they did, no matter how.
Yet ſome from ſubtle hints have got
Myſterious light, it was a Trot.
But let that paſs: they now begun
To ſpur their living Engines on.
For as whipp'd Tops and bandy'd Balls,
The learned hold, are Animals:
So Horſes they affirm to be
Mere Engines, made by Geometry,

And

And were invented first from Engins,
As *Indian Britans* were from *Penguins*.
So let them be; and, as I was saying,
They their live Engines ply'd, not staying
Untill they reach'd the fatal champain,
Which th' Enemy did then incamp on,
The dire *Pharsalian* Plain, where Battel
Was to be wag'd 'twixt puissant Cattel,
And fierce Auxiliary men,
That came to aid their Bretheren:
Who now began to draw in field,
As Knight from ridge of Steed beheld.
For as our modern wits behold,
Mounted a Pick-back on the Old,

Much

Much further off; much further he
From off his aged Beaſt could ſee:
Yet not ſufficient to deſcry
All poſtures of the enemy.
Wherefore he bids the Squire ride further,
T' obſerve their numbers, and their order;
That when their motions he had known,
He might know how to fit his own.
Meanwhile he ſtopp'd his willing Steed,
To fit himſelf for martial deed:
Both kinds of mettle he prepar'd,
Either to give blows, or to ward,
Courage and Steel, both of great force,
Prepar'd for better or for worſe.

His Death-charg'd Piſtols he did fit well,
Drawn out from life-preſerving vittle.
Theſe being prim'd, with force he la-
(bour'd
To free Sword from retentive Scabbard:
And after many a painfull pluck,
From ruſty Durance he bayl'd Tuck.
Then ſhook himſelf, to ſee that Proweſs
In Scabbard of his Arms ſate looſe;
And rais'd upon his deſperate foot
On ſtirrup ſide he gaz'd about,
Portending Bloud, like Blazing Star,
The Beacon of approaching War.

Ralpho rode on with no leſs ſpeed,
Then *Hugo* in the Forreſt did;
But with a great deal more return'd,
For now the Foe he had diſcern'd,
Rang'd, as to him they did appear,
With *Van, main Battel, Wings*, and *Rear*.

In th' head of all this Warlike Rabble
Crowdero march'd, expert and able:
Inſtead of Trumpet and of Drum,
That makes the Warrier's ſtomach come,
Whoſe noiſe whets Valour ſharp, like (Beer
By thunder turn'd to Vineger,

(For if a Trumpet ſound or Drum beat,
Who has not a month's mind to combat?)
A ſqueaking Engine he apply'd
Unto his neck, on North-eaſt ſide,
Juſt where the Hangman does diſpoſe
To ſpecial friends the Knot of Nooſe:
For 'tis *great Grace* when *Stateſmen* ſtraight
Diſpatch a friend, let others wait.
His warped *Ear* hung o're the ſtrings,
Which was but *Souce* to *Chitterlings*:
For Guts, ſome write, e're they are ſodden,
Are fit for Muſick, or for Pudden:
From whence men borrow ev'ry kind
Of Minſtrelſy, by ſtring or wind.

His

His grizly *Beard* was long and thick,
With which he ſtrung his Fiddle-ſtick:
For he to Horſe-tail ſcorn'd to owe,
For what on his own chin did grow.
Chiron, the four-legg'd Bard, had both
A Beard and Tail of his own growth;
And yet by Authors 'tis averr'd,
He made uſe onely of his Beard.
In *Staffordſhire*, where Vertuous worth
Does raiſe the Minſtrelſy, not Birth;
Where Bulls do chuſe the Boldeſt King
And Ruler, o're the men of ſtring;
(As once in *Perſia*, 'tis ſaid,
Kings were proclaim'd by a Horſe that neigh'd)

He bravely vent'ring at a Crown,
By chance of War was beaten down,
And wounded ſore: his *Leg* then broke,
Had got a Deputy of Oke:
For when a ſhin in fight is cropt,
The knee with one of timber's propt;
Eſteem'd more honourable then the other,
And takes place, though the younger Bro-
(ther.

Next follow'd *Orſin*, famous for
Wiſe Conduct, and ſucceſs in War:
A skilful Leader, ſtout, ſevere,
Now Marſhall to the Champion Bear.

With

With Truncheon tipp'd with Iron-head,
The Warrior to the lists he led;
With solemn march and stately pace,
But far more grave and solemn face:
Grave as the Emperour of *Pegu*,
Or *Spanish* Potentate *Don Diego*.
This Leader was of knowledge great,
Either for Charge or for Retreat.
He knew when to fall on pell-mell,
To fall back and retreat as well.
So Lawyers, left the *Bear* defendant,
And Plaintiff *Dog*, should make an end on't,
Do stave and tail with *Writs of Error*,
Reverse of Judgement, and *Demurrer*,

To let them breath awhile, and then
Cry whoop, and ſet them on agen.
As *Romulus* a Wolf did rear,
So he was dry-nurs'd by a Bear,
That fed him with the purchas'd prey
Of many a fierce and bloudy fray;
Bred up, where Diſcipline moſt rare is,
In Military *Garden-Paris*.
For Souldiers heretofore did grow
In Gardens, juſt as Weeds do now;
Untill ſome ſplay-foot Politicians
T' *Apollo* offer'd up Petitions,
For licenſing a new invention
Th' had found out, of an antique engine

To

To root out all the Weeds that grow
In Publick Garden at a blow,
And leave th' Herbs ſtanding. Quoth Sir
(*Sun*,
My friends, that is not to be done.
Not done? quoth Stateſmen; yes, an't
(pleaſe ye,
When 'tis once known you'l ſay 'tis eaſy.
Why then let's know it, quoth *Apollo*.
We'l beat a Drum, and they'l all follow.
A Drum (quoth *Phœbus*) troth that's true,
A pretty invention, quaint and new.
But though of Voice and Inſtrument
We are th' undoubted Preſident;

We

We ſuch loud Muſick do not profeſs,
The Devil's Maſter of that office,
Where it muſt paſs, if 't be a Drum,
He'l ſign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*
To him apply your ſelves, and he
Will ſoon diſpatch you for his fee.
They did ſo, but it prov'd ſo ill,
Th' had better have let them grow there
(ſtill.
But to reſume what we diſcourſing
Were on before, that is ſtout *Orſin*:
That which ſo oft by ſundry writers
Has been apply'd t' almoſt all fighters,
More

More juſtly may b'aſcrib'd to this,
Then any other Warrior (*viz.*)
None ever acted both parts bolder,
Both of a Chieftain and a Souldier.
He was of great deſcent and high,
For Splendor and Antiquity,
And from Celeſtial origine
Deriv'd himſelf in a right line.
Not as the Ancient *Hero's* did,
Who, that their baſe births might be hid,
(Knowing they were of doubtful gender,
And that they came in at a Windore)
Made *Jupiter* himſelf and others
O'th' Gods Gallants to their own mothers,

To

To get on them a Race of Champions,
Of which old *Homer* first made *Lampoons*.)
Arctophylax in Northern Sphere
Was his undoubted Anceſtor:
From him his Great Fore-fathers came,
And in all Ages bore his name.
Learned he was in Medc'nal Lore,
For by his ſide a Pouch he wore
Replete with ſtrange Hermetick Powder,
That Wounds nine miles point-blank (would ſolder,
By skilfull *Chymiſt* with great coſt
Extracted from a rotten Poſt;

But

But of a heav'nlier influence
Then that which Mountebanks diſpenſe;
Though by *Promethean* fier made,
As they do quack that drive that trade.
For as when Slovens doe amiſs
At others doors by Stool or Piſs,
The Learned write, a Red-hot Spit,
B'ing prudently apply'd to it,
Will convey miſchief from the Dung
Unto the Breech that did the wrong;
So this did healing, and as ſure
As that did miſchief, this would cure.

Thus

Thus vertuous *Orsin* was endu'd,
With Learning, Conduct, Fortitude,
Incomparable: and as the Prince
Of Poets, *Homer*, sung long since,
A Skilful Leech is better far
Then half a hundred men of War;
So he appear'd, and by his skill,
No less then Dint of Sword, could kill.

The Gallant *Brun* marcht next him,
With Visage formidably grim,
And rugged as a *Saracen*,
Or *Turk* of *Mahomet*'s own kin;

Clad

Clad in a Mantle *della Guer*
Of rough impenetrable Fur;
And in his Nose, like *Indian* King,
He wore for ornament a Ring;
About his Neck a three-fold Gorget,
As tough as trebled leathern Target;
Armed, as Heraulds cant, and *langued*,
Or, as the Vulgar say, *sharp-fanged*.
For as the Teeth in Beasts of Prey
Are Swords, with which they fight in Fray;
So Swords in men of War are teeth,
Which they do eat their Vittle with.

He

He was by birth, ſome Authors write,
A *Ruſsian*, ſome a *Muſcovite*,
And 'mong the *Coſſacks* had been bred,
Of whom we in *Diurnals* read,
That ſerve to fill up Pages here,
As with their Bodyes Ditches there.
Scrimansky was his Couſin-german,
With whom he ſerv'd, and fed on Vermin:
And when theſe fail'd, he'd ſuck his claws,
And quarter himſelf upon his paws.
And though his Coutrey-men, the *Huns*,
Did ſtew their meat between their Bums

And

And th' Horſes backs o're which they (ſtraddle,
And every man eat up his Saddle:
He was not half ſo nice as they,
But eat it raw, when't came in's way.
He had trac'd Countreys far and near,
More then *Le Blanc* the Traveller;
Who writes, He Spous'd in *India*
Of noble houſe a Lady gay,
And got on her a Race of Worthyes
As ſtout as any upon earth is.
Full many a fight for him between
Talgol and *Orſin* oft had been;

Each striving to deserve the Crown
Of a sav'd Citizen: the one
To guard his Bear, the other fought
To aid his Dog; both made more stout
By sev'ral spurs of neighborhood,
Church-fellow-membership, and bloud:
But *Talgol*, mortal foe to Cows,
Never got ought of him but blows;
Blows hard and heavy, such as he
Had lent, repay'd with Usury.

Yet *Talgol* was of Courage stout,
And vanquish'd oftner then he fought:
Inur'd

Inur'd to labour, ſweat, and toyl,
And, like a Champion, ſhone with Oyl.
Right many a Widow his keen blade,
And many Fatherleſs, had made.
He many a Bore and huge *Dun Cow*;
Did, like another *Guy*, o'rethrow.
But *Guy* with him in fight compar'd,
Had like the Bore or Dun Cow far'd.
With greater Troops of Sheep h' had (fought
Then *Ajax*, or bold *Don Quixot*:
And many a Serpent of fell kind,
With wings before and ſtings behind,

Subdu'd; as Poets ſay, long ago
Bold *Sir George Saint George* did the *Dra-*
(gon.
Nor Engine, nor Device Polemick,
Diſeaſe, nor Doctor Epidemick,
Though ſtor'd with Deletery Med'cines,
(Which whoſoever took is dead ſince)
E're ſent ſo vaſt a Colony
To both the under worlds as he.
For he was of that noble Trade
That *Demi-gods* and *Heroes* made,
Slaughter, and knocking on the head;
The Trade to which they all were bred;
And

And is, like others, glorious when
'Tis great and large, but baſe if mean.
The former rides in Triumph for it;
The later in a two-wheel'd Chariot,
For daring to profane a thing
So ſacred, with vile bungleing.

Next theſe the brave *Magnano* came,
Magnano great in Martial fame.
Yet when with *Orſin* he wag'd fight,
'Tis ſung he got but little by't.
Yet he was fierce as forreſt-Bore,
Whoſe Spoils upon his Back he wore,

As thick as *Ajax* ſev'n-fold Shield,
Which o're his brazen Arms he held.
But Braſs was feeble to reſiſt
The fury of his armed fiſt;
Nor could the hardeſt Ir'n hold out
Againſt his Blows, but they would (through't.

In *Magick* he was deeply read,
As he that made the *Brazen-head*;
Profoundly skill'd in the black Art,
As *Engliſh Merlin* for his heart;
But far more skilfull in the Spheres
Then he was at the Sieve and Shears.

He

He could transform himſelf in Colour
As like the Devil as a Collier;
As like as Hypocrites in ſhew
Are to true Saints, or Crow to Crow.

Of warlike Engines he was Author,
Deviſ'd for quick diſpatch of ſlaughter:
The *Cannon*, *Blunderbuſs*, and *Saker*,
He was th' inventer of and maker:
The *Trumpet* and the *Kettle-Drum*
Did both from his Invention come.
He was the firſt that e're did teach
To make, and how to ſtop a breach.

A Lance he bore with Iron-pike,
Th' one half would thruſt, the other ſtrike:
And when their forces he had joyn'd,
He ſcorn'd to turn his Parts behind.

He *Trulla* lov'd, *Trulla* more bright
Then burniſh'd Armour of her Knight:
A bold *Virago*, ſtout and tall
As *Joan* of *France*, or *Engliſh Mall*.
Through Perils both of Wind and Limb,
Through thick & thin ſhe follow'd him,
In ev'ry Adventure h' undertook,
And never him or it forſook.

At

At Breach of Wall, or Hedge-ſurprize,
She ſhar'd in th' hazard and the prize:
At beating quarters up, or forrage,
Behav'd her ſelf with matchleſs courage;
And laid about in fight more buſily,
Then th' *Amazonian* Dame, *Penthesile*.

And though ſome Criticks here cry ſhame,
And ſay our Authors are to blame,
That (ſpight of all Philoſophers,
Who hold no females ſtout, but Bears,)
Make feeble Ladies, in their Works,
To fight like *Termagants* and *Turks*;

To

To lay their native Arms aſide,
Their modeſty, and ride a-ſtride;
To run a-tilt at men, and wield
Their naked tools in open field;
As ſtout *Armida*, bold *Thaleſtris*,
And ſhe that would have been the Mi-
(ſtriſs
Of *Gundibert*, but he had grace,
And rather took a Countrey Laſs:
They ſay 'tis falſe, without all ſenſe,
But of pernicious conſequence
To Government, which they ſuppoſe
Can never be upheld in proſe:

Strip

Strip Nature naked to the skin,
You'l find about her no ſuch thing.
It may be ſo, yet what we tell
Of *Trulla*, that's improbable,
Shall be depos'd by thoſe have ſeen't,
Or, what's as good, produc'd in print:
And if they will not take our word,
We'l prove it true upon record.

The upright *Cerdon* next advanc't,
Of all his Race the Valiant'ſt;
Cerdon the Great, renown'd in Song,
Like *Herc'les*, for repair of wrong:

He

He rais'd the low, and fortify'd
The weak againſt the ſtrongeſt ſide.
Ill has he read, that never hit
On him in Muſes deathleſs writ.
He had a weapon keen and fierce,
That through a Bull-hide-ſhield would (pierce,
And cut it in a thouſand pieces,
Though tougher then the Knight of (*Greece* his;
With whom his black-thumb'd anceſtor
Was Comrade in the ten years war:
For when the reſtleſs *Greeks* ſate down
So many years before *Troy* Town,

And

And were renown'd, as *Homer* writes,
For *well-ſol'd Boots*, no leſſe then Fights;
They ow'd that Glory onely to
His Anceſtor, that made them ſo.
Faſt friend he was to *Reformation*,
Untill 'twas worn quite out of faſhion.
Next Rectifier of Wry *Law*,
And would make three, to cure one flaw.
Learned he was, and could take note,
Tranſcribe, collect, tranſlate and quote.
But *Preaching* was his chiefeſt Talent,
Or Argument, in which b'ing valiant,
He us'd to lay about and ſtickle,
Like Ram or Bull, at *Conventicle*:

For

For Diſputants, like *Rams* and *Bulls*,
Do fight with *Arms* that ſpring from *Skulls*.

Laſt *Colon* came, bold man of war,
Deſtin'd to blows by fatal Star;
Right expert in Command of horſe,
But Cruel, and without remorſe.
That which of *Centaure* long ago
Was ſaid, and has been wreſted to
Some other Knights, was true of this,
He and his *Horſe* were of a piece.
One Spirit did inform them both,
The ſelf-ſame Vigor, Fury Wroth:

One

Yet he was much the rougher part,
And alwayes had a harder heart;
Although his Horſe had been of thoſe
That fed on Man's fleſh, as fame goes.
Strange food for Horſe! and yet, alas!
It may be true, for *fleſh is graſs.*
Sturdy he was, and no leſs able
Then *Hercules* to cleanſe a Stable;
As great a Drover, and as great
A Critick too in hog or neat.
He ripp'd the womb up of his mother,
Dame *Tellus*, 'cauſe ſhe wanted fother
And Provender wherewith to feed
Himſelf and his leſs-cruel Steed.

It was a queſtion whether He
Or's Horſe were of a Family
More Worſhipful: till Antiquaries,
(After th' had almoſt por'd out their eys,)
Did very learnedly decide
The bus'neſs on the Horſe's ſide,
And prov'd not onely Horſe, but Cows,
Nay Pigs, were of the elder houſe:
For Beaſts, when man was but a piece
Of earth himſelf, did th' earth poſſeſs.

Theſe Worthies were the Chief that led
The Combatants, each in the head

Of

Of his Command, with Arms and Rage,
Ready and longing to engage.
The numerous Rabble was drawn out
Of ſeveral Countries round about;
From Villages remote, and Shires,
Of Eaſt and Weſtern Hemiſpheres:
From forain Pariſhes and Regions,
Of different manners, ſpeech, Religions,
Came men and Maſtives; ſome to fight
For fame and honour, ſome for ſight.
And now the field of Death, the liſts,
Were entred by Antagoniſts,
And bloud was ready to be broached;
When *Hudibras* in haſte approached,

With Squire and weapons to attack them:
But first thus from his *Horse* beſpake them.

What Rage, O Citizens, what fury
Doth you to theſe dire actions hurry?
What *Oeſtrum*, what phrenetick mood
Makes you thus laviſh of your bloud,
While the proud *Vies* your Trophies boaſt,
And unreveng'd walks ----- ghoſt?
What Towns, what Garriſons might you
With hazard of this bloud ſubdue,
Which now y'are bent to throw away
In vain, untriumphable fray?

Shall

Shall *Saints* in Civil bloudſhed wallow
Of *Saints*, and let the *Cauſe* lie fallow?
The *Cauſe*, for which we fought and ſwore
So boldly, ſhall we now give o're?
Then becauſe Quarrels ſtill are ſeen
With Oaths and Swearing to begin,
The *Solemn League and Covenant*
Will ſeem a meer *God-dam-me* Rant;
And we that took it, and have fought,
As lewd as Drunkards that fall out.
For as we make War *for the King*
Againſt himſelf, the ſelf-ſame thing
Some will not ſtick to ſwear we doe
For *God*, and for *Religion* too.

For if *Bear-baiting* we allow,
What good can *Reformation* doe?
The bloud and treaſure that's laid out,
Is thrown away, and goes for nought.
Are theſe the fruits o'th' *Proteſtation*,
The Prototype of *Reformation*,
Which all the *Saints*, & ſome ſince *Martyrs*,
Wore in their hats, like Wedding-garters,
When 'twas reſolv'd by either Houſe
Six Members quarrel to eſpouſe?
Did they for this draw down the Rabble,
With Zeal and Noiſes formidable;
And make all *Cries* about the Town
Joyn throats to cry the *Biſhops* down?

Who

Who having round begirt the Palace,
(As once a month they do the *Gallows*)
As Members gave the ſign about,
Set up their throats with hideous ſhout.
When *Tinkers* bawl'd aloud, to ſettle
Church-Diſcipline, for patching *Kettle*.
No *Sow-gelder* did blow his horn
To geld a Cat, but cry'd *Reform*.
The *Oyſter-women* lock'd their fiſh up,
And trudg'd away, to cry *No Biſhop*.
The *Mouſetrap-men* laid *Save-alls* by,
And 'gainſt *Ev'l Counſellors* did cry.
Botchers left old cloaths in the lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the *Church*.

Some cry'd the *Covenant* inſtead
Of *Pudding-pies* and *Ginger-bread*:
And ſome for *Broom, old Boots and Shoes,*
Cry'd out to *purge the Common's Houſe*:
Inſtead of *Kitchin-ſtuff*, ſome cry
A *Goſpel-preaching-Miniſtry*;
And ſome for *Old Suits, Coats*, or *Cloak*,
No *Surplices*, nor *Service-book*.
A ſtrange harmonious inclination
Of all degrees to *Reformation*.
And is this all? is this the end
To which theſe *carr'ings on* did tend?
Hath *Publick Faith* like a young heire
For this tak'n up all ſorts of Ware,

And

And run int' ev'ry Tradeſman's book,
Til both turn'd Bankrupts, and are broke?
Did *Saints* for this bring in their *Plate*,
And crowd as if they came too late?
For when they thought the *Cauſe* had need (on't,
Happy was he that could be rid on't.
Did they coyn *Piſs-pots*, *Bouls* and *Flaggons*,
Int' Officers of Horſe and Dragoons;
And into Pikes and Musketiers
Stamp *Beakers*, *Cups* and *Porringers*?
A *Thimble*, *Bodkin*, and a *Spoon*
Did ſtart up living men, as ſoon

As in the Furnace they were thrown,
Juſt like the *Dragons teeth* b'ing ſown.
Then was the *Cauſe* all Gold and Plate,
The *Brethrens* off'rings, conſecrate
Like th' *Hebrew-calf*, and down before it
The *Saints* fell proſtrate, to adore it.
So ſay the *Wicked*---- and will you
Make that Sarcaſmous Scandal true,
By running after Dogs and Bears,
Beaſts more unclean then Calves or Steers?
Have *pow'rful Preachers* ply'd their tongues,
And *laid* themſelves *out* and their lungs;
Us'd all means, both direct and ſiniſter,
I'th' power of *Goſpel-preaching Miniſter*?

Have

Have they invented *Tones*, to win
The *Women*, and make them draw in
The men, as *Indians* with a female
Tame Elephant enveigle the male?
Have they told *Prov'dence* what it muſt do,
Whom to avoid, and whom to truſt to?
Diſcover'd th' *Enemy*'s deſign,
And which way beſt to countermine;
Preſcrib'd what wayes it hath to work,
Or it will ne're advance the *Kirk*;
Told it the *News* o'th' laſt expreſs,
And after good or bad ſucceſs
Made Prayers, not ſo like *Petitions*,
As *Overtures* and *Propoſitions*,

Such

(Such as the *Army* did preſent
To their Creator th' *Parliament*)
In which they freely will confeſs,
They will not, cannot *acquieſce*,
Unleſs the *Work* be carry'd on
In the ſame way they have begun,
By ſetting Church and Common-weal
All on a flame bright as their zeal,
On which the Saints were all a-gog,
And all this for a *Bear* and *Dog*?

The Parliament drew up *Petitions*
To't ſelf, & ſent them, like Commiſsions,

To

To *Well-affected* Perſons down,
In ev'ry City and great Town;
With pow'r to leavy horſe and men,
Onely to bring them back agen:
For this did many, many a mile,
Ride manfully in Rank and file,
With *Papers* in their hats, that ſhow'd
As if they to the *Pillory* rode.
Have all theſe courſes, theſe efforts,
Been try'd by people of all ſorts,
Velis & Remis, omnibus Nervis,
And all t' advance the *Cauſe's* ſervice?
And ſhall all now be thrown away
In petulant inteſtine fray?

Shall

Shall we that in the *Cov'nant* ſwore,
Each man of us to run before
Another ſtill in *Reformation*,
Give Dogs and Bears a Diſpenſation?
How will *diſſenting Brethren* reliſh it?
What will *Malignants* ſay? *Videlicet*,
That each man ſwore to doe his beſt,
To damn and perjure all the reſt;
And bid *the Devil take the hinmoſt*,
Which at this Race is like to win moſt.
They'l ſay our bus'neſs to *reform*
The Church and State is but a worm;
For to tranſcribe a Church inviſible,
As we have ſworn to doe, it is *a bull*:

For

For when we ſwore to doe it after
The beſt-reformed Churches that are,
What did we elſe but make a vow
To doe we know not what, nor how?
For no three of us will agree
Where, or what Churches theſe ſhould be.
And is indeed the ſelf-ſame caſe
With theirs that ſwore *Et cæteras*;
Or the *French League*, in which men vow'd
To fight to the laſt drop of bloud.
Theſe ſlanders will be thrown upon
The *Cauſe* and *Work* we carry on,
If we permit men to run headlong
T' exobitancies fit for Bedlam,

Ra-

Rather then *Goſpel-walking* times,
When ſlighteſt Sins are greateſt Crimes.
But we the matter ſo ſhall handle,
As to remove that odious ſcandal.
In name of King and Parliament,
I charge ye all, no more foment
This feud, but keep the peace between
Your Brethren and your Countrey-men;
And to thoſe places ſtraight repair
Where your reſpective dwellings are.
But to that purpoſe firſt ſurrender,
The *Fidler*, as the prime offender,
Th' Incendiary vile, that is chief
Author and Enginier of miſchief;

That

That makes diviſion between friends,
For prophane and malignant ends.
He and that Engine of vile noyſe,
On which illegally he playes,
Shall (*dictum factum*) both be *brought*
To condigne Puniſhment, as th' ought.
This muſt be done, and I would fain ſee
Mortal ſo ſturdy as to gain-ſay:
For then I'le take another courſe,
And ſoon *Reduce* you all by force.
This ſaid, he clapt his hand on Sword,
To ſhew he meant to keep his word.

But *Talgol*, who had long ſuppreſt
Enflamed wrath in glowing breaſt,
Which now began to rage and burn as
Implacably as flame in furnace,
Thus anſwer'd him. Thou Vermin wret-
(ched,
As e're in Meazel'd Pork was hatched;
Thou Tail of Worſhip, that doſt grow
On Rump of Juſtice, as of Cow;
How dar'ſt thou with that ſullen Luggage
O' thy ſelf, old Ir'n, and other Baggage,
With which thy Steed of Bones and Lea-
(ther
Is lam'd and tir'd in halting hither;
How

How durſt th', I ſay, adventure thus
T'oppoſe thy Lumber againſt us?
Could thine Impertinence find out
No work t'employ it ſelf about,
Where thou ſecure from wooden blow
Thy buſie vanity might'ſt ſhow?
Was no diſpute afoot between
The *Catterwauling Bretheren*?
No ſubtle Queſtion rais'd among
Thoſe *out-o'-their-wits* & thoſe i'th' wron,
No prize between thoſe Combatants
O'th' times, the Land and Water-*Saints*;
Where thou might'ſt *ſtickle without hazard*
Of outrage to thy hide and mazzard,

And not for want of bus'neſs come
To us to be thus troubleſome,
To interrupt our better ſort
Of Diſputants, and ſpoil our ſport?
Was there no Felony, no Bawd,
Cut-purſe, nor Burglary abroad?
No *Stollen Pig*, nor *Plunder'd Gooſe*,
To tie thee up from breaking looſe?
No Ale unlicenc'd, broken hedge,
For which thou Statute might'ſt alledge,
To keep thee buſie from foul evil,
And ſhame due to thee from the Devil?
Did no Committee ſit, where he
Might cut out Journey-work for thee;

And

And ſet th' a task, with ſubornation,
To ſtitch up *ſale* and *ſequeſtration*;
To *cheat* with *Holineſs* and *Zeal*
All Parties, and the Common-weal?
Much better had it been for thee,
H'had kept thee where th'art us'd to be;
Or ſent th' on bus'neſs any whither,
So he had never brought thee hither.
But if th' haſt Brain enough in Skull
To keep it ſelf in lodging whole,
And not provoke the rage of Stones
And Cudgels to thy Hide and Bones;
Tremble, and vaniſh while thou may'ſt,
Which I'le not promiſe if thou ſtay'ſt.

At this the *Knight* grew high in wroth,
And *lifting* hands and *eyes up* both,
Three times he ſmote on ſtomack ſtout,
From whence at length theſe words broke (out.

Was I for this entitled *Sir*,
And girt with truſty ſword and ſpur,
For fame and honour to wage battel,
Thus to be brav'd by foe to Cattel?
Not all the Pride that makes thee ſwell
As big as thou doſt blown-up Veal;
Nor all thy tricks and ſlights to cheat,
And ſell thy Carrion for good meat;

Not

Not all thy Magick to repair
Decay'd old age in tough lean ware,
Turn Death of Nature to thy work,
And ſtop the Gangrene in ſtale Pork;
Not all that force that makes thee proud,
Becauſe by Bullock ne're withſtood;
Though arm'd with all thy clevers, knives,
And Axes made to hew down lives;
Shall ſave or help thee to evade
The hand of Juſtice, or this blade
Which I her Sword-bearer do carry,
For civil deed and military.
Nor ſhall theſe words of Venom baſe,
Which thou haſt from their native place,

Thy ſtomack, pump'd to fling on me,
Go unreveng'd, though I am free.
Thou down the ſame throat ſhalt devour
('em,
Like tainted Beef, and pay dear for 'em.
Nor ſhall it e're be ſaid, that wight
With Gantlet blew and Baſes white,
And round blunt Dudgeon by his ſide,
So great a man at Arms defy'd
With words far bitterer then wormwood,
That would in *Job* or *Grizel* ſtir mood.
Dogs with their tongues their wounds do
(heal;
But men with hands, as thou ſhalt feel.

This

This ſaid, with haſty rage he ſnatch'd
His Gun-ſhot, that in holſters watch'd;
And bending Cock, he level'd full
Againſt th' outſide of *Talgol*'s Skull;
Vowing that he ſhould ne're ſtir further,
Nor henceforth Cow or Bullock murther.
But *Pallas* came in ſhape of Ruſt,
And 'twixt the Spring & Hammer thruſt
Her *Gorgon*-ſhield, which made the Cock
Stand ſtiff as 'twere transform'd to ſtock.
Meanwhile fierce *Talgol* gath'ring might,
With rugged Truncheon ſmote at *Knight*.
But he with Petronel up-heav'd,
Inſtead of ſhield, the blow receiv'd.

The Gun recoyl'd, as well it might,
Not us'd to ſuch a kind of fight,
And ſhrunk from its great Maſter's gripe,
Knock'd down and ſtunn'd with mortal (ſtripe.

Then *Hudibras* with furious haſte
Drew out his ſword; yet not ſo faſt,
But *Talgol* firſt with hardy thwack
Twice bruiz'd his head, & twice his back.
But when his rugged Sword was out,
With ſtomack huge he laid about,
Imprinting many a wound upon
His mortal foe the Truncheon.

The

The trusty Cudgel did oppose
It self against dead-doing blows,
To guard its Leader from fell bane,
And then reveng'd it self again.
And though the sword (some understood)
In force had much the odds of Wood;
'Twas nothing so, both sides were bal-
(lanc't
So equal, none knew which was valiant'st.
For Wood with Honour b'ing engag'd,
Is so implacably enrag'd,
Though Iron hew and mangle sore,
Wood wounds and bruises honour more.

And

And now both *Knights* were out of breath,
Tir'd in the hot purſuit of Death;
While all the reſt amaz'd ſtood ſtill,
Expecting which ſhould take, or kill.
This *Hudibras* obſerv'd, and fretting
Conqueſt ſhould be ſo long a getting,
He drew up all his force into
One Body, and that into one Blow.
But *Talgol* wiſely avoided it
By cunning ſleight; for had it hit,
The Upper part of him the Blow
Had ſlit, as ſure as that below.

But now fierce *Colon* 'gan draw on,
To aid the diſtreſt Champion.
Him *Ralph* encountred, and ſtraight grew
A diſmal Combat 'twixt them two:
Th' one arm'd with Metal, th' other (Wood;
This fit for bruiſe, and that for bloud.
With many a ſtiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard Crab-tree and old Iron rang;
While none that ſaw them could divine
To which ſide Conqueſt would encline:
Until *Magnano*, who did envy
That two ſhould with ſo many men vye,

By

By ſubtle ſtratagem of brain
Perform'd what force could ne're attain.
For he, by foul hap having found
Where Thiſtles grew on barren ground,
He clapp'd them underneath the Tail
Of Steed, with pricks as ſharp as nail.
The angry Beaſt did ſtraight reſent
And feel regret on Fundament,
Begun to kick, and fling, and wince,
As if h' had been beſide his ſenſe,
Striving to diſengage from Thiſtle,
That gall'd him ſorely under his tail.
Inſtead of which he threw the pack
Of *Squire* and baggage from his back;

And

And blundring ſtill, with ſmarting rump,
He gave the *Knight*'s Steed ſuch a thump,
As made him reel. The *Knight* did ſtoop,
And ſate on further ſide aſlope.
This *Talgol* viewing, who had now
By flight eſcap'd the fatal blow,
He rally'd, and again fell to't;
For catching foe by nearer foot,
He lifted with ſuch might and ſtrength,
As would have hurl'd him thrice his (length,
And daſh'd his brains (if any) out.
But *Mars*, that ſtill protects the ſtout,

In

In Pudding-time came to his aid,
And under him the *Bear* convey'd;
The *Bear*, upon whose soft fur-gown
The *Knight* with all his weight fell down.
The friendly rug preserv'd the Ground,
And headlong *Knight* from bruise or wound:
Like feather-bed betwixt a Wall,
And heavy brunt of Cannon-ball.
As *Sancho* on a blanket fell,
And had no hurt; ours far'd as well
In body, though his mighty Spirit,
B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.

The

The *Bear* was in a greater fright,
Beat down and worſted by the *Knight*.
He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
To ſhake off bondage from his ſnout.
His wrath enflam'd boil'd o're, and from
His Jaws of Death he threw the ſome.
Fury in ſtranger poſtures threw him,
And more, then ever Herauld drew him.
He tore the Earth, which he had ſav'd
From ſquelch of *Knight*, and ſtorm'd, and
(rav'd;
And vext the more, becauſe the harms
He felt were 'gainſt the *Law of Arms*:

For

For Men he alwayes took to be
His friends, and Dogs the enemy:
Who never ſo much hurt had done him,
As his own ſide did falling on him.
It griev'd him to the Guts, that they
For whom h'had fought ſo many a fray,
And ſerv'd with loſs of bloud ſo long,
Should offer ſuch inhumane wrong;
Wrong of unſouldier-like condition:
For which he flung down his Cõmiſsion,
And laid about him, till his Noſe
From thrall of Ring & Cord broke looſe.
Soon as he felt himſelf enlarg'd,
Through thickeſt of his foes he charg'd,

And

And made way through th' amazed crew.
Some he o'reran, and ſome o'rethrew,
But took none; for by haſty flight
He ſtrove t'eſcape purſuit of *Knight*,
From whom he fled with as much haſte
And dread as he the Rabble chac'd.
In haſte he fled, and ſo did they,
Each and his fear a ſev'ral way.

Crowdero onely kept the field,
Not ſtirring from the place he held,
Though beaten down and wounded ſore
I'th' Fiddle, and a Leg that bore

One ſide of him, not that of bone,
But, much its betters, th' wooden one.
He ſpying *Hudibras* lye ſtrow'd
Upon the ground, like log of wood,
With fright of fall, ſuppoſed wound,
And loſs of Urine, caſt in ſownd,
In haſte he ſnatch'd the wooden limb
That hurt in th' ankle lay by him,
And liſting it for ſudden fight,
Straight drew it up, to fall on *Knight*.
For getting up on ſtump and huckle,
He with the foe began to bûckle,
Vowing to be reveng'd for breach
Of Crowd and skin upon the wretch,

Sole

Sole author of all Detriment
He and his Fiddle underwent.
But *Ralpho* (who had now begun
T'adventure reſurrection
From heavy ſquelch, and had got up
Upon his legs with ſprained Crup)
Looking about, beheld pernicion
Approaching *Knight* from fell Muſician.
He ſnatch't his Whiniard up, that fled
When he was falling off his Steed,
(As Rats do from a falling houſe,)
To hide it ſelf from rage of blows;
And wing'd with ſpeed and fury, flew
To reſcue *Knight* from black and blew.

Which e're he could atchieve, his Sconce
The Skin encounter'd twice and once;
And now 'twas rais'd, to smite agen,
When *Ralpho* thrust himself between.
He took the blow on side and arm,
To shield the *Knight* entraunc'd frō harm;
And joining wrath with force, bestow'd
On th' wooden member such a load,
That down it fell, and with it bore
Crowdero, whom it propp'd before.
To him the *Squire* right nimbly run,
And setting conquering foot upon
His trunk, thus spoke: What *desp'rate Frenzie*
Made thee (thou whelp of Sin) to fancy
Thy

Thy ſelf and all that Coward Rabble
T' encounter us in battel able?
How durſt th', I ſay, oppoſe thy Curſhip
'Gainſt Arms, Authority and Worſhip?
And *Hudibras*, or me provoke;
Though all thy Limbs were heart of Oke,
And th' other half of thee as good
To bear out blows as that of Wood?
Could not the whipping-poſt prevail
With all its rhet'rick, nor the Gaol,
To keep from flaying ſcourge thy skin,
And ankle free from Iron gin?
Which now thou ſhalt--- but firſt our care
Muſt ſee how *Hudibras* doth fare.

This said, He gently rais'd the *Knight*,
And set him on his Bum upright:
To rouze him from Lethargick dump,
He tweak'd his Nose with gentle thump,
Knock'd on his breast, as if 't had been
To raise the Spirits lodg'd within.
They wakened with the noise, did flye
From inward Room to Window eye,
And gently op'ning lid, the Casement,
Lookt out, but yet with some amazement.
This gladded *Ralpho* much to see,
Who thus bespoke the *Knight*: quoth he,
Tweaking his nose, You are, great Sir,
A *self-denying* Conqueror;

As

As high, victorious and great,
As e're fought for the Churches yet,
If you will give your ſelf but leave
To make out what y' already have;
That's Victory. The foe, for dread
Of your Nine-worthineſs, is fled,
All ſave *Crowdero*, for whoſe ſake
You did th' eſpous'd *Cauſe* undertake:
And he lies pris'ner at your feet,
To be diſpos'd as you think meet,
Either for life, or death, or ſale,
The Gallows, or perpetual Jayl.
For one wink of your pow'rful eye
Muſt ſentence him to live, or dye.

His Fiddle is your proper purchace,
Wone in the Service of the *Churches*;
And by your doom muſt be allow'd
To be, or be no more, a *Crowd*.
For though ſucceſs did not confer
Juſt Title on the Conquerer;
Though *diſpenſations* were not ſtrong
Concluſions whether right or wrong;
Although *Out-goings* did not confirm,
And *Owning* were but a meer term:
Yet as the *wicked* have no *right*
To th' Creature, though uſurp'd by might,
The property is in the *Saint*,
From whom th' injuriouſly detain't;

Of

Of him they hold their Luxuries,
Their Dogs, their Horſes, Whores & Dice,
Their Riots, Revels, Masks, Delights,
Pimps, Buffoons, Fidlers, Paraſites:
All which the *Saints* have *title* to,
And ought t'enjoy, if th' had their due.
What we take from them is no more
Then what was ours by right before.
For we are their true *Landlords* ſtill,
And they our *Tenants* but at will.

At this the *Knight* begun to rouſe,
And by degrees grow valorous.

He

He ſtar'd about, and ſeeing none
Of all his foes remain but one,
He ſnatch'd his weapon that lay near him,
And from the ground began to rear him;
Vowing to make *Crowdero* pay
For all the reſt that ran away.
But *Ralpho* now in colder bloud,
His fury mildly thus withſtood:
Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty Spirit
Is rais'd too high, this Slave does merit
To be the Hangman's bus'neſs, ſooner
Then from your hand to have the honour
Of his Deſtruction. I that am
A Nothingneſs in deed and name,

Did

Did ſcorn to hurt his forfeit Carcaſs,
Or ill intreat his Fiddle or Caſe.
Will you, Great Sir, that glory blot
In cold bloud which you gain'd in hot?
Wil you employ your Conqu'ring Sword,
To break a Fiddle and your Word?
For though I fought, and overcame,
And quarter gave, 'twas in your name.
For great Commanders alwayes own
What's proſperous by the Souldier done.
To ſave, where you have pow'r to kill,
Argues your Pow'r above your Will;
And that your will and pow'r have leſs
Then both might have of ſelfiſhneſs.

This

This pow'r which now alive with dread
He trembles at, if he were dead,
Would no more keep the ſlave in awe
Then if you were a Knight of Straw:
For death would then be his Conqueror,
Not you, and free him from that terror.
If danger from his life accrew,
Or honour from his death to you;
'Twere Policy, and honour too,
To doe as you reſolv'd to doe.
But, Sir, 'twould wrong your Valor much,
To ſay it needs or fears a Crutch.
Great Conquerors greater glory gain
By foes in Triumph led, then ſlain:

The

The Lawrells that adorn their brows
Are pull'd from living, not dead boughs,
And living foes the greateſt fame
Of Cripple ſlain can be but lame.
One half of him's already ſlain,
The other is not worth your pain.
Th' Honour can but on one ſide light,
As Worſhip did, when y' were dub'd *Knight*.
Wherefore I think it better far,
To keep him Priſoner of War;
And let him faſt in bonds abide,
At *Court of Juſtice* to be try'd:
Where if h' appear ſo bold or crafty,
There may be danger in his ſafety;

If

If any Member there dislike
His Face, or to his Beard have pike;
Or if his death will save, or yield,
Revenge, or fright, it is *reveal'd*,
Though he has quarter, ne'retheless
Y' have pow'r to hang him when you please.
This hath been oftē done by some
Of our great Cōquerors, you know whom:
And has by most of us been held
Wise Justice, and to some *reveal'd*.
For Words and promises that yoke
The Conquerour, are quickly broke,
Like *Sampson's* Cuffs, though by his own
Direction and advice put on.

For

For if we ſhould fight for the *Cauſe*
By rules of military Lawes,
And onely doe what they call juſt,
The *Cauſe* would quickly fall to duſt.
This we among our ſelves may ſpeak,
But to the *Wicked* or the Weak
We muſt be cautious to declare
Perfection-truths, ſuch as theſe are.

This ſaid, the high outragious mettle
Of *Knight* began to cool and ſettle.
He lik'd the *Squire*'s advice, and ſoon
Reſolv'd to ſee the bus'neſs done:

And

And therefore charg'd him firſt to bind
Crowdero's hands on rump behind,
And to its former place and uſe
The Wooden member to reduce:
But force it take an *Oath* before,
Ne're to bear arms againſt him more.

Ralpho diſpatch'd with ſpeedy haſt,
And having ty'd *Crowdero* faſt,
He gave Sir *Knight* the end of Cord,
To lead the Captive of his ſword
In triumph, while the Steeds he caught,
And them to further ſervice brought.

The

The *Squire* in ſtate rode on before,
And on his nut-brown Whiniard bore
The Trophee-*Fiddle* and the *Caſe*,
Leaning on ſhoulder like a Mace.
The *Knight* himſelf did after ride,
Leading *Crowdero* by his ſide,
And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind,
Like Boat againſt the Tide and Wind.
Thus grave and ſolemn they march on,
Until quite through the Town th' had (gone:
At further end of which there ſtands
An ancient Caſtle, that commands

Th' adjacent parts; in all the fabrick
You ſhall not ſee one ſtone nor a brick,
But all of Wood, by pow'rful Spell
Of Magick made impregnable.
There's neither Iron-bar, nor Gate,
Port-cullis, Chain, or Bolt, or Grate:
And yet men durance there abide,
In Dungeon ſcarce three inches wide;
With Roof ſo low, that under it
They never ſtand, but lie, or ſit;
And yet ſo foul, that whoſo is in,
Is to the middle-leg in priſon,
In Circle Magical confin'd,
With walls of ſubtle Air and Wind,

Which

Which none are able to break thorough,
Until th'are freed by head of Burrough.
Thither arriv'd, th' advent'rous *Knight*
And bold *Squire* from their Steeds alight,
At th' outward wall, near which there (ſtands
A Baſtile, built t'impriſon hands;
By ſtrange enchantment made to fetter
The leſſer parts, and free the greater.
For though the Body may creep through,
The Hands in Grate are faſt enough.
And when a circle 'bout the wriſt
Is made by Beadle Exorciſt,
The Body feels the Spur and Switch,
As if 'twere ridden Poſt by 'witch

At twenty miles an houer pace,
And yet ne're ſtirs out of the place.
On top of this there is a Spire,
On which Sir *Knight* firſt bids the *Squire*
The *Fiddle*, and its Spoils, the *Caſe*,
In manner of a Trophee, place.
That done, they ope the Trap-dore-gate,
And let *Crowdero* down thereat.
Crowdero making doleful face,
Like Hermit poor in penſive place,
To Dungeon they the wretch commit,
And the ſurvivor of his feet:
But th' other, that had broke the peace,
And head of Knighthood, they releaſe,

Though

Though a *Delinquent* falſe and forged,
Yet b'ing a Stranger, he's enlarged;
While his Comrade, that did no hurt,
Is clapt up faſt in priſon for't.
So Juſtice, while ſhe winks at Crimes,
Stumbles on Innocence ſometimes.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD CANTO.

The ſcatter'd Rout return and rally,
Surround the Place; the Knight *does ſally,*
And is made Priſ'ner: then they ſeize
Th' Inchanted Fort by ſtorm, releaſe
Crowdero, *and put the* Squire *in's place.*
I ſhould have firſt ſaid, Hudibras.

CANTO III.

AY me! what perils do inviron
The man that meddles with cold Iron!
What plaguy miſchiefs and miſhaps
Do dog him ſtill with after-claps!

For though Dame Fortune ſeem to ſmile
And leer upon him for a while;
She'l after ſhew him, in the nick
Of all his Glories, a Dog-trick.
This any man may ſing or ſay
I'th' Ditty call'd, *What if a Day.*
For *Hudibras*, who thought h' had won
The Field as ſuer as a Gun,
And having routed the whole troop,
With Victory was Cock-a hoop;
Thinking h' had done enough to purchaſe
Thankſgiving-day among the *Churches*,
Wherein his Mettle and brave Worth
Might be explain'd by *Holder-forth*,

And

And regiſter'd by fame eternal,
In Deathleſs Pages of *Diurnal*;
Found in few minutes, to his Coſt,
He did but *Count without his Hoſt*;
And that a *Turn-ſtile* is more certain,
Then in events of War Dame Fortune.

For now, the late-faint-hearted Rout
O'rethrown and ſcatter'd round about,
Chac'd by the horrour of their fear
From bloudy fray of *Knight* and *Bear*,
(All but the *Dogs*, who in purſuit
Of the *Knight's* Victory ſtood to't,

And

And moſt ignobly ſought to get
The Honour of his bloud and ſweat)
Seeing the coaſt was free and clear
O'th' Conquer'd and the Conquerer,
Took heart of grace, and fac'd about,
As if they meant to ſtand it out:
For by this time, the routed *Bear*
Attack'd by th' enemy i'th' rear,
Finding their number grew too great
For him to make a ſafe retreat,
Like a bold Chieftain fac'd about;
But wiſely doubting to hold out,
Gave way to fortune, and with haſte
Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd;

Re-

Retiring ſtill, until he found
H' had got th' advantage of the Ground;
And then as valiantly made head,
To check the foe, and forthwith fled;
Leaving no Art untry'd, nor Trick
Of Warrior ſtout and Politick.
Until in ſpight of hot purſuit,
He gain'd a Paſs, to hold diſpute
On better terms, and ſtop the courſe
Of the proud foe. With all his force
He bravely charg'd, and for a while
Forc'd their whole Body to recoil:
But ſtill their numbers ſo encreaſt,
He found himſelf at length oppreſt,

And

And all evaſions ſo uncertain,
To ſave himſelf for better fortune,
That he reſolv'd, rather then yield,
To die with honour in the field,
And ſell his hyde and carcaſe at
A price as high and deſperate
As e're he could. This Reſolution
He forthwith put in execution,
And bravely threw himſelf among
The enemy i'th' greateſt throng.
But what could ſingle valour doe
Againſt ſo numerous a foe?
Yet much he did, indeed too much
To be believ'd, where th' odds was ſuch:

But

But one againſt a multitude,
Is more then mortal can make good.
For while one party he oppos'd,
His Rear was ſuddenly enclos'd,
And no room left him for retreat,
Or fight againſt a foe ſo great.
For now the Maſtives charging home
To blows and handy-gripes were come;
While manfully himſelf he bore,
And ſetting his right-foot before,
He rais'd himſelf, to ſhew how tall
His Perſon was, above them all.
This equal ſhame and envy ſtirr'd
In th' enemy, that one ſhould beard

So many Warriors and ſo ſtout
As he had done, and ſtav'd it out,
Diſdaining to lay down his Arms,
And yield on honourable terms.
Enraged thus ſome in the rear
Attack'd him, and ſome ev'ry where;
Till down he fell, yet falling fought,
And being down ſtill laid about;
As *Widdrington* in doleful Dumps
Is ſaid to fight upon his ſtumps.

But all, alas! had been in vain,
And he inevitably ſlain,

If

If *Trulla* and *Cerdon* in the nick
To reſcue him had not been quick.
For *Trulla*, who was light of foot,
As ſhafts which long-field *Parthians* ſhoot,
(But not ſo light as to be born
Upon the ears of ſtanding Corn,
Or trip it o're the Water quicker
Then Witches when their ſtaves they li-
(quor,
As ſome report) was got among
The foremoſt of the Martial throng;
Where pittying the vanquiſht *Bear*,
She call'd to *Cerdon*, who ſtood near
Viewing the bloudy fight, to whom,
Shall we (quoth ſhe) ſtand ſtill *hum drum*,

And

And see stout *Bruin* all alone
By numbers basely overthrown?
Such feats already h'has atchiev'd,
In story not to be believ'd:
And 'twould to us be shame enough,
Not to attempt to fetch him off.

I would (quoth he) venture a Limb
To second thee, and rescue him:
But then we must about it straight,
Or else our aid will come too late.
Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,
And therefore cannot long hold out.

This

This ſaid, they wav'd their weapons round
About their heads, to clear the ground;
And joyning forces laid about
So fiercely, that th'amazed rout
Turn'd tail again, and ſtraight begun,
As if *the Devil drove*, to run.
Meanwhile th'approach'd the place where (*Bruin*
Was now engag'd to mortal ruine:
The conquering foe they ſoon aſſail'd;
Firſt *Trulla* ſtav'd, and *Cerdon* tail'd,
Until the Maſtives loos'd their hold:
And yet, alas! doe what they could,
The worſted *Bear* came off with ſtore
Of bloudy wounds, but all before.

For as *Achilles* dipt in Pond,
Was *anabaptiz'd* free from wound,
Made proof againſt dead-doing ſteel
All over but the Pagan heel:
So did our Champion's Arms defend
All of him but the other end,
His head and ears, which in the Martial
Encounter loſt a leathern parcel.
For as an *Auſtrian Archduke* once
Had one ear (which in *Ducatoons*
Is half the Coin) in Battel par'd
Cloſe to his head; ſo *Bruin* far'd:
But tugg'd and pull'd on th'other ſide,
Like *Scrivener* newly crucify'd;

Or like the late-corrected Leathern
Ears of the *circumciſed Brethren.*
But gentle *Trulla* into th' ring
He wore in's noſe convey'd a ſtring,
With which ſhe marcht before, and led
The Warrior to a graſſy Bed,
As Authors write, in a cool ſhade,
Which Eglentine and Roſes made,
Cloſe by a ſoftly-murm'ring ſtream
Where Lovers us'd to loll and dream.
There leaving him to his repoſe,
Secured from purſuit of foes,
And wanting nothing but a Song,
And a well-tun'd *Theorbo* hung

Upon a Bough, to eaſe the pain
His tugg'd ears ſuffer'd, with a ſtrain.
They both drew up, to march in queſt
Of his great Leader, and the reſt.

For *Orſin* (who was more renown'd
For ſtout maintaining of his ground
In ſtanding fights then for purſuit,
As being not ſo quick of foot)
Was not long able to keep pace
With others that purſu'd the Chace,
But found himſelf left far behind,
Both out of heart and out of wind;

Griev'd

Griev'd to behold his *Bear* purſu'd
So baſely by a multitude,
And like to fall, not by the proweſs,
But numbers of his Coward foes.
He rag'd and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout *Hercules* for loſs of *Hylas*,
Forcing the Vallies to repeat
The Accents of his ſad regret.
He beat his breaſt, and tore his hair,
For loſs of his dear Crony *Bear*:
That Echo from the hollow ground
His doleful wailings did reſound
More wiſtfully, by many times,
Then in ſmall Poets ſplay-foot rimes,

That make her, in their ruthful ſtories,
To anſwer to inter'gatories,
And moſt unconſcionably depoſe
To things of which ſhe nothing knows:
And when ſhe has ſaid all ſhe can ſay,
'Tis wreſted to the Lover's fancy.
Quoth he, O whether, wicked *Bruin*,
Art thou fled to my--- Echo, *ruine*?
I thought th'hadſt ſcorn'd to budge a ſtep,
For fear. (Quoth Echo) *Marry guep.*
Am not I here to take thy part?
Then what has quail'd thy ſtubborn heart?
Have theſe bones rattled, and this head
So often in thy quarrel bled?

Nor

Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,
For thy dear ſake. (Quoth ſhe) *Mum budget.*
Think'ſt thou 'twill not be laid i'th' diſh,
Thou turn'dſt thy back? Quoth Echo, *Piſh.*
To run from thoſe th'hadſt overcome
Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, *Mum.*
But what a-vengeance makes thee flie
From me too, as thine enemy?
Or if thou haſt no thought of me
Nor what I have endur'd for thee,
Yet ſhame and honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning tail:
For who would grutch to ſpend his bloud
His honor's cauſe? Quoth ſhe, *a Puddin.* (in

This ſaid, his grief to anger turn'd,
Which in his manly ſtomack burn'd;
Thirſt of Revenge and Wrath, in place
Of Sorrow, now began to blaze.
He vow'd the Authors of his woe
Should equal vengeance undergo;
And with his bones and fleſh pay dear
For what he ſuffer'd and his Bear.
This b'ing reſolv'd, with equal ſpeed
And rage he haſted to proceed
To action ſtraight, and giving o're
To ſearch for *Bruin* any more,
He went in queſt of *Hudibras*,
To find him out, where e're he was:

And

And if he were above ground, vow'd
He'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd.

But ſcarce had he a furlong on
This reſolute adventure gone,
When he encounter'd with that Crew
Whom *Hudibras* did late ſubdue.
Honour, Revenge, Contempt and Shame,
Did equally their breaſts enflame.
'Mong theſe the fierce *Magnano* was,
And *Talgol* foe to *Hudibras*;
Cerdon and *Colon*, Warriors ſtout
And reſolute as ever fought:

Whom

Whom furious *Orsin* thus beſpoke,

Shall we (quoth he) thus baſely brook
The vile affront, that paultry Aſs
And feeble *Scoundrel Hudibras*,
With that more paultry *Ragamuffin*
Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing
Have put upon us, like tame Cattel,
As if th' had routed us in battel?
For my part, it ſhall ne're be ſed,
I for the waſhing gave my head:
Nor did I turn my back for fear
O'th' Raſcals, but loſs of my *Bear*,

Which

Which now I'm like to undergo;
For whether these fell wounds, or no,
He has receiv'd in fight are mortal,
Is more then all my skill can foretel.
Nor do *I know* what is become
Of him, *more then the Pope of Rome.*
But if I can but find them out
That caus'd it, (as I shall no doubt,
Where e're th'in Hugger-mugger lurk)
I'le make them rue their handy-work;
And wish that they had rather dar'd,
To *pull the Devil by the Beard.*

Quoth

Quoth *Cerdon*, Noble *Orſin*, th' haſt
Great reaſon to doe as thou ſay'ſt;
And ſo has ev'ry body here
As well as thou haſt or thy Bear.
Others may doe as they ſee good;
But if this Twig be made of wood
That will hold tack, I'le make the fur
Flie 'bout the eares of the old Cur,
And th'other mungrel Vermin, *Ralph*,
That brav'd us all in his behalf.
Thy Bear is ſafe and out of peril,
Though lugg'd indeed, & wounded very (ill.
My ſelf and *Trulla* made a ſhift
To help him out at a dead lift;

And

And having brought him bravely off,
Have left him where he's safe enough.
There let him rest; for if we stay,
The Slaves may hap to get away.

This said, they all engag'd to joyn
Their forces in the same design:
And forthwith put themselves in search
Of *Hudibras* upon their march.
Where leave we them a while, to tell
What the Victorious *Knight* befell:
For such, *Crowdero* being fast
In Dungeon shut, we left him last.

Tri-

Triumphant Laurels seem'd to grow
No where so green as on his brow:
Laden with which, as well as tir'd
With conquering toil, he now retir'd
Unto a neighb'ring Castle by,
To rest his body, and apply
Fit med'cines to each glorious bruise
He got in fight, *Reds*, *blacks*, and *blews*;
To mollifie th'unealie pang
Of ev'ry honourable bang.
Which b'ing by skilful Midwife dreſt,
He laid him down to take his reſt.

But all in vain. H' had got a hurt
O'th' inside, of a deadlier sort,
By *Cupid* made, who took his stand
Upon a Widow's joynture-land,
(For he, in all his amorous battels,
No'dvantage finds like goods & chattels)
As now he did, and aiming right,
An Arrow he let flie at *Knight*:
The shaft against a rib did glance,
And gall him in the *Purtenance*.
But time had somewhat swag'd his pain,
After he found his suit in vain.
For that proud Dame, for whom his soul
Was burnt in's belly like a coal,

(That Belly that ſo oft did ake
And ſuffer griping for her ſake,
Till purging Comfits and Ants eggs
Had almoſt brought him off his leggs)
Us'd him ſo like a baſe *Raſcallion*,
That Old *Pyg-* (what d'y'call him?) *malion*,
That cut his Miſtreſs out of ſtone,
Had not ſo hard-a-hearted one.
She had a thouſand jadiſh tricks,
Worſe then a Mule that flings and kicks:
'Mong which one croſs-grain'd freak ſhe (had,
As inſolent as ſtrange and mad:
She could love none but onely ſuch
As ſcorn'd and hated her as much.

'Twas

'Twas a ſtrange Riddle of a Lady;
Not love, if any lov'd her? ha day!
So Cowards never uſe their might,
But againſt ſuch as will not fight.
So ſome diſeaſes have been found
Onely to ſeize upon the ſound.
He that gets her by heart muſt ſay her
The back-way, like a Witche's prayer.
Meanwhile the *Knight* had no ſmall task,
To compaſs what he durſt not ask.
He loves, but dares not make the motion;
Her *ignorance* is his *devotion*.
Like Caitiff vile, that for miſdeed
Rides with his face to rump of Steed,

Or rowing Scull, he's fain to love,
Look one way, and another move;
Or like a Tumbler that does play
His game, and look another way,
Until he seize upon the Coney:
Just so does he by Matrimony.
But all in vain: her subtle snout
Did quickly wind his meaning out;
Which she return'd with too much scorn,
To be by man of Honour born.
Yet much he bore, until the distress
He suffer'd from his spightful Mistress
Did stir his stomack, and the Pain
He had endur'd from her disdain

Turn'd

Turn'd to regret, ſo reſolute,
That he reſolv'd to wave his ſuit,
And either to renounce her quite,
Or for a while play leaſt in ſight.
This Reſolution b'ing put on,
He kept ſome months, & more had done;
But being brought ſo nigh by fate,
The Victory he atchiev'd ſo late
Did ſet his thoughts agog, and ope
A dore to diſcontinu'd hope,
That ſeem'd to promiſe he might win
His Dame too now his hand was in;
And that his valour and the honour
H'had newly gain'd might work upon her.

Theſe reaſons made his mouth to water
With amorous longings to be at her.

Quoth he unto himſelf, Who knows
But this brave Conqueſt o're my foes
May reach her heart, and make that ſtoop,
As I but now have forc'd the Troop?
If nothing can oppugne love,
And Vertue invious wayes can prove,
What may not he confide to doe
That brings both love and vertue too?
But thou bring'ſt Valour too and wit,
Two things that ſeldome fail to hit.

Va-

Valour's a mouſe-trap, wit a gin,
Which women oft are taken in.
Then, *Hudibras*, why ſhouldſt thou fear
To be, that art a Conquerer?
Fortune th' audacious doth *juvare*,
But lets the timidous miſcarry.
Then while the honour thou haſt got
Is ſpick and ſpan-new, piping hot,
Strike her up bravely thou hadſt beſt,
And truſt thy fortune with the reſt.

Such thoughts as theſe the *Knight* did keep,
More then his bangs or fleas, from ſleep.

And as an Owl that in a Barn
Sees a Mouſe creeping in the Corn,
Sits ſtill, and ſhuts his round blew eyes,
As if he ſlept, until he ſpies
The little beaſt within his reach,
Then ſtarts, and ſeizes on the wretch:
So from his Couch the *Knight* did ſtart,
To ſeize upon the Widow's heart;
Crying with haſty tone and hoarſe,
Ralpho, diſpatch, To horſe, to horſe.
And 'twas but time, for now the Rout
We left engag'd to ſeek him out,
By ſpeedy marches were advanc'd
Up to the fort where he enſconc'd,

And

And had all th' avenues poſſeſt
About the place, from Eaſt to Weſt.

That done, awhile they made a halt,
To view the Ground, and where t' aſſault:
Then call'd a Councel, which was beſt,
By ſiege or onſlaught, to inveſt
The enemy: and 'twas agreed,
By ſtorm and onſlaught to proceed.
This b'ing reſolv'd, in comely ſort,
They now drew up t' attack the fort.
When *Hudibras*, about to enter
Upon another gate's adventure,

To *Ralpho* call'd aloud to arm,
Not dreaming of approaching ſtorm.
Whether Dame Fortune, or the care
Of Angel bad, or Tutelar,
Did arm, or thruſt him on a danger,
To which he was an utter ſtranger;
That Foreſight might, or might not blot
The glory he had newly got;
Or to his ſhame it might be ſed,
They took him napping in his bed:
To them we leave it to expound,
That deal in Sciences profound.

His

His Courſer ſcarce he had beſtrid,
And *Ralpho* that on which he rid,
When ſetting ope the Poſtern gate,
Which they thought beſt to ſally at,
The Foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd,
Ready to charge them in the field.
This ſomewhat ſtartled the bold *Knight*,
Surpriz'd with th' unexpected ſight.
The bruiſes of his bones and fleſh
He thought began to ſmart afreſh:
Till recollecting wonted Courage,
His fear was ſoon converted to rage.
And thus he ſpoke: The Coward Foe,
Whom we but now gave quarter to,

Look,

Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears,
As if they had outrun their fears.
The Glory we did lately get,
The fates command us to repeat.
And to their wills we muſt ſuccumb,
Quocunque trahunt, 'tis our doom.
This is the ſame numerick Crew
Which we ſo lately did ſubdue,
The ſelf-ſame individuals that
Did run, as Mice do from a Cat,
When we couragiouſly did wield
Our martial weapons in the field,
To tug for Victory: and when
We ſhall our ſhining blades agen

Bran-

Brandiſh in terrour o're our heads,
They'l ſtraight reſume their wonted dreads.
Fear is an Ague, that forſakes
And haunts by turns thoſe whom it takes.
And they'l opine they feel the pain
And blows, they felt to day, again.
Then let us boldly charge them home,
And make no doubt to overcome.

This ſaid, his Courage to enflame,
He call'd upon his *Miſtreſs* name.
His Piſtol next he cockt anew,
And out his nut-brown whiniard drew.

And

And placing *Ralpho* in the front,
Reserv'd himself to bear the brunt;
As expert Warriors use: then ply'd
With Iron-heel his Courser's side,
Conveying Sympathetick speed
From heel of *Knight* to heel of Steed.

Meanwhile the foe with equal rage
And speed advancing to engage,
Both Parties now were drawn so close,
Almost to come to handiblows.
When *Orsin* first let flie a stone
At *Ralpho*; not so huge a one

As

As that which *Diomed* did maul
Æneas on the Bum withall:
Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,
T' have ſent him to another world;
Whether above-ground, or below,
Which *Saints twice dipt* are deſtin'd to.
The danger ſtartled the bold *Squire*,
And made him ſome few ſteps retire.
But *Hudibras* advanc'd to's aid,
And rouz'd his ſpirits half diſmay'd.
He, wiſely doubting leſt the ſhot
Of th' enemy, now growing hot,
Might at a diſtance gall, preſt cloſe,
To come, pell-mell, to handiblows:

And

And that he might their aim decline,
Advanc'd ſtill in an oblique line;
But prudently forbore to fire,
Till breaſt to breaſt he had got nigher:
As expert Warriors uſe to doe,
When hand to hand they charge the foe.
This order the advent'rous *Knight*
Moſt Souldierlike obſerv'd in fight:
When Fortune (as ſhe's wont) turn'd fickle
And for the foe began to ſtickle.
The more ſhame for her *goddy-ſhip*,
To give ſo near a friend the ſlip.
For *Colon* chuſing out a ſtone,
Levell'd ſo right, it thumpt upon

His

His manly panch with ſuch a force,
As almoſt beat him off his horſe.
He loos'd his whiniard, and the reyn;
But laying faſt hold on the mane,
Preſerv'd his ſeat: And as a Gooſe
In death contracts his talons cloſe;
So did the *Knight*, and with one claw
The tricker of his Piſtol draw.
The Gun went off: and as it was
Still fatal to ſtout *Hudibras*,
In all his feats of Arms, when leaſt
He dreamt of it, to proſper beſt;
So now he far'd: the Shot let flie
At randome 'mong the enemy,

Pierc'd

Pierc'd *Talgol*'s Gabberdine, and grazing
Upon his ſhoulder, in the paſsing
Lodg'd in *Magnano*'s braſs Habergeon,
Who ſtraight *A Surgeon* cry'd, *a Surgeon.*
He tumbled down, and as he fell,
Did *Murther, murther, murther* yell.
This ſtartled their whole body ſo,
That if the *Knight* had not let go
His Arms, but been in warlike plight,
H' had won (the ſecond time) the fight.
As *Ralpho* might; but he with care
Of *Hudibras* his hurt forbare
To preſs th'advantage of his fortune,
While danger did the reſt diſhearten.

For

For he with *Cerdon* b'ing engag'd
In close encounter, they both wag'd
The fight so well, 'twas hard to say
Which side was like to get the day.
And now the busie work of death
Had tir'd them so, th' agreed to breath,
Preparing to renew the fight;
When the disaster of the *Knight*
And th' other party did divert
Their fell intent, and forc'd them part.
Ralpho prest up to *Hudibras*,
And *Cerdon* where *Magnano* was;
Each striving to confirm his party
With stout encouragements and hearty.

Quoth *Ralpho*, Courage, valiant Sir,
And let revenge and honour ſtir
Your ſpirits up, once more fall on,
The ſhatter'd foe begins to run:
For if but half ſo well you knew
To uſe your Victory as ſubdue,
They durſt not, after ſuch a blow
As you have giv'n them, face us now;
But from ſo formidable a Souldier (der.
Had fled like Crows when they ſmel pow-
Thrice have they ſeen your Sword aloft
Wav'd o're their heads, and fled as oft.
But if you let them recollect
Their ſpirits, now diſmay'd and checkt,

You'l

You'l have a harder game to play,
Then yet y' have had, to get the day.

Thus ſpoke the ſtout *Squire*, but was heard
Of *Hudibras* with ſmall regard.
His thoughts were fuller of the bang
He lately took, then *Ralph*'s harangue;
To which he anſwer'd, Cruel fate
Tells me thy Counſel comes too late.
The knotted bloud within my hoſe,
That from my wounded body flows,
With mortal *Criſis* doth portend
My dayes to appropinque an end.

I am for action now unfit,
Either of fortitude or wit.
Fortune my foe begins to frown,
Resolv'd to pull my stomack down.
I am not apt upon a wound,
Or trivial basting, to despond:
Yet I'd be loth my dayes to curtal.
For if I thought my wounds not mortal,
that we'd time enough as yet
o make an honourable retreat,
were the best course: but if they find
e flie, and leave our Arms behind,
r them to seize on, the dishonour
d danger too is such, I'le sooner

Stand

Stand to it boldly, and take quarter,
To let them ſee I am no ſtarter.
In all the trade of War, no feat
Is nobler then a brave retreat.

This ſaid, the *Squire* with active ſpeed
Diſmounted from his bonny Steed,
To ſeize the Arms which by miſchance
Fell from the bold *Knight* in a trance.
Theſe being found out, and reſtor'd
To *Hudibras*, their natural Lord,
As a man may ſay, with might and main
He haſted to get up again.

Thrice he assay'd to mount aloft;
But by his weighty bum as oft
He was pull'd back: till having found
Th'advantage of the rising ground,
Thither he led his warlike steed,
And having plac'd him right, with speed
Prepar'd again to scale the beast.
Whom *Orsin*, who had newly drest
The bloudy scar upon the shoulder
Of *Talgol* with *Promethean* powder,
And now was searching for the shot
That laid *Magnano* on the spot,
Beheld the sturdy *Squire* aforesaid
Preparing to climb up his horse-side.

He

He left his Cure, and laying hold
Upon his Arms, with Courage bold
Cry'd out, 'Tis now no time to dally,
The enemy begins to rally:
Let us that are unhurt and whole
Fall on, and happy man be's dole.

This said, like to a thunderbolt
He flew, with fury, to th' assault,
Striving the enemy to attack
Before he reacht his horse's back.
Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
O'rethwart his Beast with active vauting,

Wrigling his body to recover
His ſeat, and caſt his right leg over;
When *Orſin* ruſhing in, beſtow'd
On horſe and man ſo heavy a load,
The Beaſt was ſtartled, and begun
To kick and fling like mad, and run,
Bearing the tough *Squire* like a Sack,
Or ſtout King *Richard*, on his back:
Till ſtumbleing he threw him down,
Sore bruis'd, and caſt into a ſown.
Meanwhile the *Knight* began to rouſe
The ſparkles of his wonted proweſs;
He thruſt his hand into his hoſe,
And found both by his eyes and noſe,

'Twas

Twas onely Choler, and not bloud,
That from his wounded body flow'd.
This, with the hazard of the *Squire*,
Inflam'd him with deſpightful ire;
Courageouſly he fac'd about,
And drew his other Piſtol out,
And now had half-way bent the Cock,
When *Cerdon* gave ſo fierce a ſhock,
With ſturdy truncheon, thwart his arm,
That down it fell, and did no harm;
Then ſtoutly preſsing on with ſpeed,
Aſſay'd to pull him off his Steed.
The *Knight* his Sword had onely left,
With which he *Cerdon*'s head had cleft,

Or at the leaſt cropt off a limb,
But *Orſin* came and reſcu'd him.
He with his Launce attack'd the *Knight*
Upon his quarters oppoſite.
But as a Bark that in foul weather,
Toſs'd by two adverſe winds together,
Is bruis'd, and beaten to and fro,
And knows not which to turn him to:
So far'd the *Knight* between two foes,
And knew not which of them t'oppoſe.
Till *Orſin* charging with his Launce
At *Hudibras*, by ſpightful chance
Hit *Cerdon* ſuch a bang, as ſtunn'd
And laid him flat upon the ground.

At this the *Knight* began to chear up,
And raising up himself on stirrup,
Cry'd out *Victoria*; lie thou there,
And I shall straight dispatch another,
To bear thee company in death:
But first I'le halt awhile and breath.
As well he might: for *Orsin* griev'd
At th'wound that *Cerdon* had receiv'd,
Ran to relieve him with his lore,
And cure the hurt he made before.
Meanwhile the *Knight* had wheel'd about,
To breath himself, and next find out
Th' advantage of the ground, where best
He might the ruffled foe infest.

This

This b'ing reſolv'd, he ſpurr'd his Steed,
To run at *Orſin* with full ſpeed,
While he was buſie in the care
Of *Cerdon*'s wound, and unaware:
But he was quick, and had already
Unto the part apply'd remedy;
And ſeeing th' enemy prepar'd,
Drew up, and ſtood upon his guard.
Then like a Warrior right expert
And skilful in the martial art,
The ſubtle *Knight* ſtraight made a halt,
And judg'd it beſt to ſtay th' aſſault,
Until he had reliev'd the *Squire*,
And then (in order) to retire;

Or,

Or, as occaſion ſhould invite,
With forces joyn'd renew the fight.
Ralpho by this time diſentranc'd,
Upon his Bum himſelf advanc'd,
Though ſorely bruis'd; his limbs all o're
With ruthleſs bangs were ſtiff and ſore.
Right fain he would have got upon
His feet again, to get him gone;
When *Hudibras* to aid him came.

Quoth he, (and call'd him by his name)
Courage, the day at length is ours,
And we once more as Conquerours,

Have

Have both the field and honour won,
The Foe is profligate and run:
I mean all ſuch as can, for ſome
This hand hath ſent to their long home;
And ſome ly ſpralling on the ground,
With many a gaſh and bloudy wound.
Cæſar himſelf could never ſay
He got two victories in a day,
As I have done, that can ſay, Twice I
In one day, *Veni, vidi, vici.*
The foe's ſo numerous, that we
Cannot ſo often *vincere*
As they *perire*, and yet enough
Be left to ſtrike an after-blow.

Then

Then left they rally, and once more
Put us to fight the bus'nefs o're,
Get up, and mount thy Steed, difpatch,
And let us both their motions watch.

Quoth *Ralph*, I fhould not, if I were
In cafe for action, now be here;
Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd
An Arfe, for fear of being bang'd:
It was for you I got thefe harms,
Advent'ring to fetch off your Arms.
The blows and drubs I have receiv'd,
Have bruis'd my body, and bereav'd

My

My Limbs of ſtrength: unleſs you ſtoop,
And reach your hand to pull me up,
I ſhall lie here, and be a prey
To thoſe who now are run away.

That ſhalt thou not (quoth *Hudibras*:)
We read, the Ancients held it was
More honourable far *Servare*
Civem, then ſlay an adverſary.
The one we oft to day have done;
The other ſhall diſpatch anon.
And though th'art of a diff'rent Church,
I will not leave thee in the lurch.

This

This ſaid, he jogg'd his good ſteed nigher,
And ſteer'd him gently toward the *Squier*:
Then bowing down his body ſtretcht
His hand out, and at *Ralpho* reacht;
When *Trulla*, whom he did not mind,
Charg'd him like Lightening behind.
She had been long in ſearch about
Magnano's wound, to find it out:
But could find none, nor where the ſhot
That had ſo ſtartled him was got.
But having found the worſt was paſt,
She fell to her own work at laſt,
The Pillage of the Priſoners,
Which in all feats of Arms was hers:

And now to plunder *Ralph* ſhe flew,
When *Hudibras* his hard fate drew
To ſuccour him; for as he bow'd
To help him up, ſhe laid a load
Of blows ſo heavy, and plac'd ſo well,
On th' other ſide, that down he fell.

Yield, *Scoundrel* baſe, (quoth ſhe) or die;
Thy life is mine and liberty.
But if thou think'ſt I took thee tardy,
And dar'ſt preſume to be ſo hardy,
To try thy fortune o're afreſh,
I'le wave my title to thy fleſh,

Thy

Thy Arms and baggage, now my right:
And if thou haſt the heart to try't,
I'le lend thee back thy ſelf awhile,
And once more for that carcaſe vile
Fight upon tick----Quoth *Hudibras*,
Thou offer'ſt nobly, valiant Laſs,
And I ſhall take thee at thy word.
Firſt let me riſe, and take my ſword;
That ſword which has ſo oft this day
Through Squadrons of my foes made way,
And ſome to other worlds diſpatcht,
Now with a feeble Spinſter matcht,
Will bluſh with bloud ignoble ſtain'd,
By which no honour's to be gain'd.

But if thou'lt take m'advice in this,
Conſider while thou may'ſt, what 'tis
To interrupt a Victor's courſe,
B' oppoſing ſuch a trivial force.
For if with Conqueſt I come off,
(And that I ſhall do ſure enough)
Quarter thou canſt not have nor grace,
By law of Arms, in ſuch a caſe;
Both which I now do offer freely.

I ſcorn (quoth ſhe) thou Coxcomb ſilly,
(Clapping her hand upon her breech,
To ſhew how much ſhe priz'd his ſpeech)

Quar-

Quarter or Counſel from a foe:
If thou canſt force me to it, do.
But leſt it ſhould again be ſed,
When I have once more wore thy head,
I took thee napping unprepar'd,
Arm, and betake thee to thy guard.

This ſaid, ſhe to her tackle fell,
And on the *Knight* let fall a peal
Of blows ſo fierce, and preſt ſo home,
That he retir'd and follow'd's bum.
Stand to't, quoth ſhe, or yield to mercy
It is not fighting *Arſie-verſie*

Shall ſerve thy turn--This ſtirr'd his ſpleen
More then the danger he was in,
The blows he felt, or was to feel,
Although th' already made him reel.
Honour, deſpight, revenge and ſhame,
At once unto his ſtomack came;
Which fir'd it ſo, he rais'd his arm
Above his head, and rain'd a ſtorm
Of blows ſo terrible and thick,
As if he meant to haſh her quick.
But ſhe upon her truncheon took them,
And by oblique diverſion broke them;
Waiting an opportunity
To pay all back with uſury.

Which

Which long ſhe fail'd not of, for now
The *Knight* with one dead-doing blow
Reſolving to decide the fight,
And ſhe with quick and cunning ſlight
Avoiding it, the force and weight
He charg'd upon it was ſo great,
As almoſt ſway'd him to the ground.
No ſooner ſhe th'advantage found,
But in ſhe flew, and ſeconding
With home-made thruſt the heavy ſwing,
She laid him flat upon his ſide,
And mounting on his trunk a-ſtride,
Quoth ſhe, I told thee what would come
Of all thy vapouring, baſe Scum.

Shall I have quarter now? you Ruffin;
Or wilt thou be worse then thy huffing?
Thou saidst th'woud'st kill me, marry
(woud'st thou:
Why dost thou not, thou *Jack-a-Nods* thou?
Why dost not put me to the sword?
But cowardly flie from thy word?

Quoth *Hudibras*, the day's thine own;
Thou and thy stars have cast me down:
My Laurels are transplanted now,
And flourish on thy conqu'ring brow:
My loss of honour's great enough,
Thou need'st not brand it with a scoff:

Sar-

Sarcaſmes may eclipſe thine own,
But cannot blur my loſt renown:
I am not now in Fortune's power,
He that is down can fall no lower.
The ancient *Hero's* were illuſtrious
For b'ing benigne, and not bluſtrous,
Againſt a vanquiſht foe: their ſwords
Were ſharp &trencheant, not their words;
And did in fight but cut work out
T' employ their Courteſies about.

Quoth ſhe, Although thou haſt deſerv'd,
Baſe *Slubberdegullion*, to be ſerv'd

As

As thou didſt vow to deal with me,
If thou hadſt got the Victory;
Yet I ſhall rather act a part
That ſuits my fame, then thy deſert.
Thy Arms, thy Liberty, beſide
All that's on th' outſide of thy hide,
Are mine by military law,
Of which I will not bate one ſtraw:
The reſt, thy life and limbs, once more,
Though doubly forfeit, I reſtore.

Quoth *Hudibras*, It is too late
For me to treat or ſtipulate;

What

What thou command'ſt I muſt obey:
Yet thoſe whom I expugn'd to day,
Of thine own party, I let go,
And gave them life and freedome too,
Both *Dogs* and *Bear*, upon their parol,
Whom I took priſ'ners in this quarrel.

Quoth *Trulla*, Whether thou or they
Let one another run away,
Concerns not me; but was't not thou
That gave *Crowdero* quarter too?
Crowdero, whom in Irons bound,
Thou baſely threw'ſt into *Lob's pound*:

Where

Where ſtill he lies, and with regret
His generous bowels rage and fret.
But now thy carcaſe ſhall redeem,
And ſerve to be exchange for him.

This ſaid, the *Knight* did ſtraight ſubmit,
And laid his weapons at her feet.
Next he diſrob'd his Gaberdine,
And with it did himſelf reſign.
She took it, and forthwith deveſting
The mantle that ſhe wore, ſaid jeſting,
Take that, and wear it for my ſake;
Then threw it o're his ſturdy back.

And

And as the *French* we conquer'd once,
Now give us Laws for Pantaloons,
The length of Breeches, and the gathers,
Port-canons, Perriwigs, and Feathers;
Juſt ſo the proud inſulting Laſs
Array'd and dighted *Hudibras*.

Meanwhile the other Champions, yerſt
In hurry of the fight diſperſt,
Arriv'd, when *Trulla'd* won the day,
To ſhare in th' honour and the prey,
And out of *Hudibras* his hide
With vengeance to be ſatisfy'd;

Which

Which now they were about to pour
Upon him in a wooden ſhowre.
But *Trulla* thruſt her ſelf between,
And ſtriding o're his back agen,
She brandiſht o're her head his ſword,
And vow'd they ſhould not break her word;
Sh'had giv'n him quarter, and her bloud
Or theirs ſhould make that quarter good.
For ſhe was bound by Law of Arms,
To ſee him ſafe from further harms.
In Dungeon deep *Crowdero* caſt
By *Hudibras* as yet lay faſt,

Where

Where to the hard and ruthleſs ſtones
His great heart made perpetual mones.
Him ſhe reſolv'd that *Hudibras*
Should ranſome, and ſupply his place.

This ſtopt their fury, and the baſting
Which toward *Hudibras* was haſting.
They thought it was but juſt and right,
That what ſhe had atchiev'd in fight,
She ſhould diſpoſe of how ſhe pleas'd:
Crowdero ought to be releas'd;
Nor could that any way be done
So well as this ſhe pitcht upon:

For

For who a better could imagine?
This therefore they resolv'd t'engage in.
The *Knight* and *Squier* first they made
Rise from the ground where they were (laid;
Then mounted both upon their Horses;
But with their faces to the *Arses*:
Orsin led *Hudibras*'es beast,
And *Talgol* that which *Ralpho* prest;
Whom stout *Magnano*, valiant *Cerdon*
And *Colon* waited as a guard on,
All ush'ring *Trulla*, in the reer
With th' Arms of either prisoner.

In

In this proud order and array
They put themselves upon their way,
Striving to reach th' *inchanted Castle*,
Where stout *Crowdero* in durance lay still.
Thither with greater speed, then shows
And triumphs over conquer'd foes
Do use t'allow, or then the *Bears*
Or *Pageants* born before *Lord Mayors*
Are wont to use, they soon arriv'd,
In order Souldierlike contriv'd,
Still marching in a warlike posture,
As fit for Battel as for Muster.
The *Knight* and *Squire* they first unhorse,
And bending 'gainst the Fort their force,

They all advanc'd, and round about
Begirt the *Magical Redoubt*.
Magnan' led up in this adventure,
And made way for the reſt to enter.
For he was skilfull in *Black Art*
No leſs then he that built the Fort;
And with an Iron Mace laid flat
A breach, which ſtraight all enter'd at,
And in the wooden Dungeon found
Crowdero laid upon the ground.
Him they releaſe from durance baſe,
Reſtor'd t' his *Fiddle* and his *Caſe*,
And liberty, his thirſty rage
With luſhious vengeance to aſſwage.

For

For he no ſooner was at large,
But *Trulla* ſtraight brought on her charge,
And in the ſelf-ſame *Limbo* put
The *Knight* and *Squire* where he was ſhut.
Where leaving them in *Hockly i'th' hole*,
Their bangs and durance to condole,
Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow
Enchanted manſion, to know ſorrow;
In the ſame order and array
Which they advanc'd, they march'd away.

But *Hudibras*, who ſcorn'd to ſtoop
To Fortune, or be ſaid to droop,

Chear'd up himſelf with ends of verſe,
And ſayings of Philoſophers.
Quoth he, Th'one half of man, his mind,
Is *Sui juris*, unconfin'd,
And cannot be laid by the heels,
What e're the other moity feels.
'Tis not Reſtraint or Liberty
That makes men priſoners or free;
But perturbations that poſſeſs
The Mind or Æquanimities.
The whole world was not half ſo wide
To *Alexander*, when he cri'd
Becauſe he had but one to ſubdue,
As was a paultrie narrow tub to

Diogenes,

Diogenes, who is not ſed
(For ought that ever I could read)
To whine, put finger i'th' eye, and ſob
Becauſe h'had ne're another *Tub*.
The Ancients make two ſeveral kinds
Of Proweſs in heroick minds,
The *Active*, and the *Paſsive* valiant;
Both which are *pari libra* gallant:
For both to give blows and to carry,
In fights are equeneceſſary;
But in defeats, the paſsive ſtout
Are alwayes found to ſtand it out
Moſt deſp'rately, and to outdoe
The Active, 'gainſt a conqu'ring foe.

Though we with blacks & blews are ſug-
Or, as the Vulgar ſay, are *cudgell'd*: (gill'd,
He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Though drubb'd can loſe no honour by't.
Honour's *a leaſe for time to come*,
And cannot be *extended* from
The legal Tenant: 'tis a Chattel,
Not to be forfeited in battel.
If he that is in Battel ſlain,
Be in the *Bed of Honour* lain;
He that is beaten may be ſed
To lye in Honour's *Truckle-bed*.
For as we ſeeth' eclipſed Sun
By mortals is more gaz'd upon,

Then

Then when adorn'd with all his light
He ſhines in ſerene skie moſt bright:
So Valour in a low eſtate
Is moſt admir'd and wonder'd at.

Quoth *Ralph*, How great I do not know
We may by being beaten grow;
But none that ſee how here we ſit,
Will judge us overgrown with wit.
As *gifted Brethren* preaching by
A *Carnal Hour-glaſs*, do imply
Illumination can convey
Into them what they have to ſay,

But not how much: ſo well enough
Know you to charge, but not draw off.
For who without a *Cap* and *Bauble*,
Having ſubdu'd a *Bear* and *Rabble*,
And might with honour have come off,
Would put it to a ſecond proof:
A politick exploit, right fit
For *Presbyterian zeal* and *wit*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, That Cuckow's tone,
Ralpho, thou alwayes harp'ſt upon:
When thou at any thing wouldſt rail,
Thou mak'ſt *Presbytery* thy ſcale

To

To take the height on't, and explain
To what degree it is profane.
Whats'ever will not with thy (*what d'y' call*)
Thy *light* jump right thou call'ſt *Synodicall*.
As if *Presbytery* were a ſtandard
To ſize whats'ever's to be ſlander'd.
Doſt not remember how this day
Thou to my beard waſt bold to ſay,
That thou couldſt prove, *Bear-baiting* equal
With *Synods*, orthodox and legal?
Do if thou canſt, for I deny't,
And dare thee to't with all thy *light*.

Quoth

Quoth *Ralpho*, Truly that is no
Hard matter for a man to doe
That has but any *guts in's brains*,
And could believe it worth his pains.
But ſince you dare and urge me to it,
You'l find I've *light* enough to doe it.

Synods are myſtical *Bear-gardens*,
Where *Elders*, *Deputies*, *Church-wardens*,
And other Members of the Court,
Manage the *Babyloniſh* ſport.
For *Prolocutor*, *Scribe*, and *Bearward*,
Do differ onely in a mere word.

Both

Both are but sev'ral Synagogues
Of *carnal Men*, and *Bears* and *Dogs* :
Both *Antichristian Assemblies*,
To mischief bent as far 's in them lies:
Both stave and tail, with fierce contests,
The one with men, the other beasts.
The diff'rence is, The one fights with
The Tongue, the other with the Teeth;
And that they bait but *Bears* in this,
In th' other *Souls* and *Consciences*;
Where *Saints* themselves are brought to stake
For *Gospel-light* and *Conscience* sake;
Expos'd to *Scribes* and *Presbyters*,
Instead of *Mastive-dogs* and *Curs*;

Then

Then whom th' have leſs humanity,
For theſe at ſouls of men will flie.
This to the *Prophet* did appear,
Who in a Viſion ſaw a *Bear*,
Prefiguring the beaſtly rage
Of *Church-rule* in this later Age:
As is demonſtrated at full
By him that baited the *Pope's Bull.*
Bears naturally are beaſts of Prey,
That live by rapine, ſo do they.
What are their *Orders*, *Conſtitutions*,
Church-cenſures, *Curſes*, *Abſolutions*,
But ſev'ral myſtick chains they make,
To tie poor Chriſtians to the ſtake?

And then ſet heathen *Officers*,
Inſtead of *Dogs*, about their ears.
For to prohibit and diſpence,
To find out or to make offence,
Of hell and heaven to diſpoſe,
To play with ſouls at faſt and looſe;
To ſet what Characters they pleaſe,
And mulcts on Sin or Godlineſs;
Reduce the Church to *Goſpel-order*,
By *Rapine*, *Sacriledge*, and *Murther*;
To make *Presbyterie* ſupreme,
And *Kings* themſelves ſubmit to them;
And force all people, though againſt
Their Conſciences, to turn *Saints*,

Muſt

Must prove a pretty thriving trade,
When *Saints* Monopolists are made.
When *pious* frauds and *holy* shifts
Are *dispensations* and *gifts*,
There *Godliness* becomes mere ware,
And ev'ry *Synod* but a Fair.

Synods are whelps of th' *Inquisition*,
A mungrel breed of like pernicion,
And growing up became the Sires
Of *Scribes*, *Commissioners*, and *Triers*;
Whose bus'ness is, by cunning sleight
To cast a figure for mens *Light*;

To

To find in lines of beard and face,
The Physiognomy of *Grace*;
And by the sound and *twang of Nose*,
If all be *sound* within disclose,
Free from a crack or flaw of sinning,
As men try *Pipkins* by the ringing.
By *black-caps*, underlaid with *white*,
Give certain gues at inward *Light*;
Which *Serjeants at the Gospel* wear,
To make their *spiritual Calling* clear.
The *hand-kercher* about the neck
(Canonical *Crabat* of *Smeck*,
From whom the Institution came,
When Church and State they set on flame,

And

Muſt prove a pretty thriving trade,
When *Saints* Monopoliſts are made.
When *pious* frauds and *holy* ſhifts
Are *diſpenſations* and *gifts*,
There *Godlineſs* becomes mere ware,
And ev'ry *Synod* but a Fair.

Synods are whelps of th' *Inquiſition*,
A mungrel breed of like pernicion,
And growing up became the Sires
Of *Scribes*, *Commiſsioners*, and *Triers*;
Whoſe bus'neſs is, by cunning ſleight
To caſt a figure for mens *Light*;

To

To find in lines of beard and face,
The Phyſiognomy of *Grace*;
And by the ſound and *twang of Noſe*,
If all be *ſound* within diſcloſe,
Free from a crack or flaw of ſinning,
As men try *Pipkins* by the ringing.
By *black-caps*, underlaid with *white*,
Give certain gueſs at inward *Light*;
Which *Serjeants at the Goſpel* wear,
To make their *ſpiritual Calling* clear.
The *hand-kercher* about the neck
(Canonical *Crăbat* of *Smeck*,
From whom the Inſtitution came,
When Church and State they ſet on flame,

And

And worn by them as badges then
Of *Spiritual Warfaring* men)
Judge rightly if *Regeneration*
Be of the *newest Cut* in fashion.
Sure 'tis an Orthodox opinion
That *Grace is founded in dominion.*
Great *Piety* consists in Pride;
To *rule* is to be *sanctifi'd*:
To domineer and to controul
Both o're the body and the soul,
Is the most perfect *discipline*
Of Church-rule, and by *right divine.*
Bel and the *Dragon*'s Chaplains were
More moderate then these by far:

For

For they (poor Knaves) were glad to cheat,
To get their Wives and Children meat;
But these will not be fobb'd off so,
They must have wealth and power too,
Or else with bloud and desolation
They'l tear it out o'th' heart o'th' Nation.

Sure these themselves from Primitive
And Heathen Priesthood do derive,
When *Butchers* were the onely *Clerks*,
Elders and *Presbyters* of *Kirks*,
Whose *Directorie* was to *kill*;
And some believe it is so still.

The onely diff'rence is, that then
They ſlaughter'd onely *beaſts*, now *men*.
For then to ſacrifice a Bullock,
Or now and then a child to *Moloch*,
They count a vile Abomination,
But not to ſlaughter a whole *Nation*.
Presbyterie does but tranſlate
The Papacy to a *Free State*,
A *Common-wealth of Poperie*,
Where ev'ry Village is a *See*
As well as *Rome*, and muſt maintain
A *Tithe-pig-Metropolitan*:
Where ev'ry *Presbyter* and *Deacon*
Commands the *Keies* for Cheeſe & Bacon;

And

And ev'ry Hamlet's governed
By's *Holineſs*, the *Churche's head*,
More haughty and ſevere in's place
Then *Gregorie* and *Boniface*.
Such Church muſt (ſurely) be a Monſter
With many heads: for if we conſter
What in th' *Apocalyps* we find,
According to th'Apoſtle's mind,
'Tis that the *Whore of Babylon*
With many heads did ride upon;
Which Heads denote the ſinful tribe
Of *Deacon, Prieſt, Lay-elder, Scribe.*

Lay-elder, Simeon to *Levi*,
Whose little finger is as heavy
As loyns of Patriarchs, Prince-Prelate,
And Bishop-secular. This Zelot
Is of a mungrel, diverse kind,
Clerick before, and *Lay* behind;
A Lawless *linsie-woolsie brother*,
Half of one Order, half another;
A Creature of amphibious nature,
On land a Beast, a Fish in water;
That alwayes preys on Grace, or Sin;
A Sheep without, a Wolf within.
This fierce Inquisitor has chief
Dominion over mens Belief

And Manners; can pronounce a *Saint*
Idolatrous, or ignorant,
When ſuperciliouſly he ſifts
Through courſeſt boulter others *gifts*.
For all men live and judge amiſs
Whoſe *Talents* jump not juſt with his.
He'l lay on *Gifts* with hands, and place
On dulleſt noddle *light* and *grace*,
The manufacture of the *Kirk*,
Whoſe Paſtors are but th' Handiwork
Of his mechanick Pawes, inſtilling
Divinity in them by feeling,
From whence they ſtart up *choſen veſſels*,
Made by Contact, as men get *Meazles*.

So *Cardinals*, they say, do grope
At th'other end the new-made *Pope*.

Hold, hold, quoth *Hudibras*, *Soft fire*,
They say, *does make sweet mault*. Good *Squire*,
Festina lente, not too fast;
For *haste* (the Proverb sayes) *makes waste*.
The Quirks and Cavils thou dost make
Are false, and built upon mistake.
And I shall bring you, with your pack
Of *Fallacies*, t' *Elenchi* back;
And put your Arguments in mood
And figure, to be understood.

I'le

I'le force you by right ratiocination
To leave your *Vitilitigation*,
And make you keep to th' queſtion cloſe,
And argue *Dialectice*.

The Queſtion then, to ſtate it firſt,
Is which is *better*, or which *worſt*,
Synods or *Bears*. *Bears* I avow
To be the worſt, and *Synods* thou.
But to make good th' Aſſertion,
Thou ſay'ſt th' are really *all one*.
If ſo, not *worſt*; for if th'are *idem*,
Why then, *Tantundem dat tantidem*.

For if they are the *same*, by course
Neither is *better*, neither *worse*.
But I deny they are the *same*,
More then a *Maggot* and *I* am.
That both are *Animalia*,
I grant, but not *Rationalia*:
For though they do agree in kind,
Specifick difference we find,
And can no more make *Bears* of these,
Then prove *my horse is Socrates*.

That *Synods* are *Bear-gardens* too,
Thou dost affirm; but I say no;

And

And thus I prove it, in a word,
Whats'ever *Assembly*'s not impowr'd
To *censure*, *curse*, *absolve*, and *ordain*,
Can be no *Synod*: but *Bear-garden*
Has no such pow'r, *Ergo*'tis none.
And so thy Sophistry's o'rethrown.

But yet we are beside the Question
Which thou didst raise the first Contest on;
For that was, Whether *Bears* are *better*
Then *Synod-men*; I say, *Negatur*.
That *Bears* are *Beasts*, and *Synods Men*,
Is held by all: They'r *better* then.

For

For *Bears* and *Dogs* on *four* legs go,
As Beasts, but *Synod-men* on *two*.
'Tis true, they all have *teeth* and *nails*;
But prove that *Synod-men* have *tails*;
Or that a rugged, shaggie *fur*
Growes o're the hide of *Presbyter*;
Or that his *snout* and *spacious ears*
Do hold proportion with a *Bear*'s.
A *Bear*'s a savage Beast, of all
Most ugly and unnatural,
Whelpt without form, until the Dam
Have lickt him into shape and frame:
But all thy *light* can ne're evict
That ever *Synod-man* was *lickt*;

Or

Or brought to any other faſhion
Then his own will and inclination.

But thou doſt further yet in this
Oppugne thy ſelf and ſenſe, that is,
Thou wouldſt have *Presbyters* to go
For *Bears* and *Dogs* and *Bearwards* too.
A ſtrange *Chimæra* of Beaſts and Men,
Made up of pieces Heterogene,
Such as in Nature never met
In eodem Subjecto yet.

Thy other Arguments are all
Suppoſures, Hypothetical,

That

That do but beg, and we may chuſe
Either to grant them, or refuſe.
Much thou haſt ſaid, which I know when,
And where, thou ſtol'ſt from other men,
(Whereby 'tis plain thy *light* and *gifts*
Are all but plagiary ſhifts;)
And is the ſame that *Ranter* ſed,
That arguing with me, broke my head,
And tore a handful of my Beard:
The ſelf-ſame Cavils then I heard,
When b'ing in hot diſpute about
This Controverſie, we fell out;
And what thou know'ſt I anſwer'd then,
Will ſerve to anſwer thee agen.

Quoth

Quoth *Ralpho*, Nothing but th'abuſe
Of *Humane Learning* you produce;
Learning that Cobweb of the Brain,
Profane, erroneous, and vain;
A trade of knowledge as repleat
As others are with fraud and cheat;
An Art t'incumber *Gifts* and wit,
And render both for nothing fit;
Makes *light* unactive, dull and troubled,
Like little *David* in *Saul*'s doublet;
A cheat that Scholars put upon
Other mens reaſon and their own;
A ſort of Errour, to enſconce
Abſurdity and ignorance;

That

That renders all the avenues
To Truth impervious and abſtruſe,
By making plain things, in debate,
By Art, perplext and intricate:
For nothing goes for ſenſe or *Light*
That will not with old rules jump right.
As if Rules were not in the Schools
Deriv'd from Truth, but Truth from (Rules.

This *Pagan, Heatheniſh invention*
Is good for nothing but Contention.
For as in Sword-and-Buckler fight,
All blows do on the Target light:

So

So when men argue, the great'ſt part
O'th' Conteſt falls on tearms of Art,
Until the fuſtian ſtuff be ſpent,
And then they fall to th' Argument.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Friend *Ralph*, thou haſt
Out-run the Conſtable at laſt;
For thou art fallen on a new
Diſpute, as ſenſeleſs and untrue,
But to the former oppoſite,
And *contrary as black to white*;
Mere *Diſparata*, that concerning
Presbyterie, this, *Humane Learning*;

Two things s'averse, they never yet
But in thy rambling fancy met.
But I shall take a fit occasion
T'evince thee by Ratiocination,
Some other time, in place more proper
Then this w'are in: Therefore let's stop (here,
And rest our weary'd bones awhile,
Already tir'd with other toile.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 12. Line 1. for *Prison* read *Person*. p. 31. 6. for *Chastel* read *Chartel*. p. 56. l. 12. for *Nero effect* r. *nare olfact*. p. 58. l. 9. & 10. for *Church Land* r. *Church Lands*. ibid. for *hand* r. *hands*. p. 79. l. 31. for *whet* r. *whets*.